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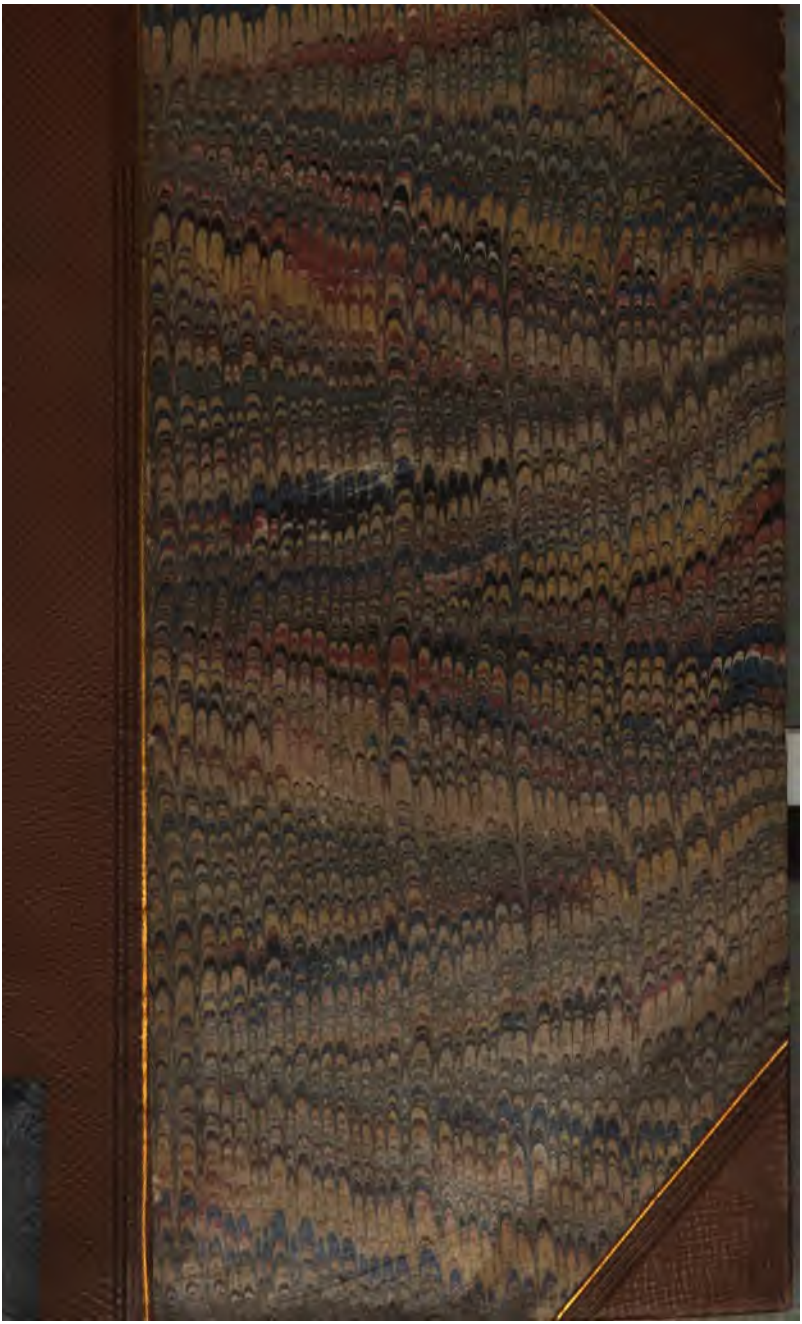

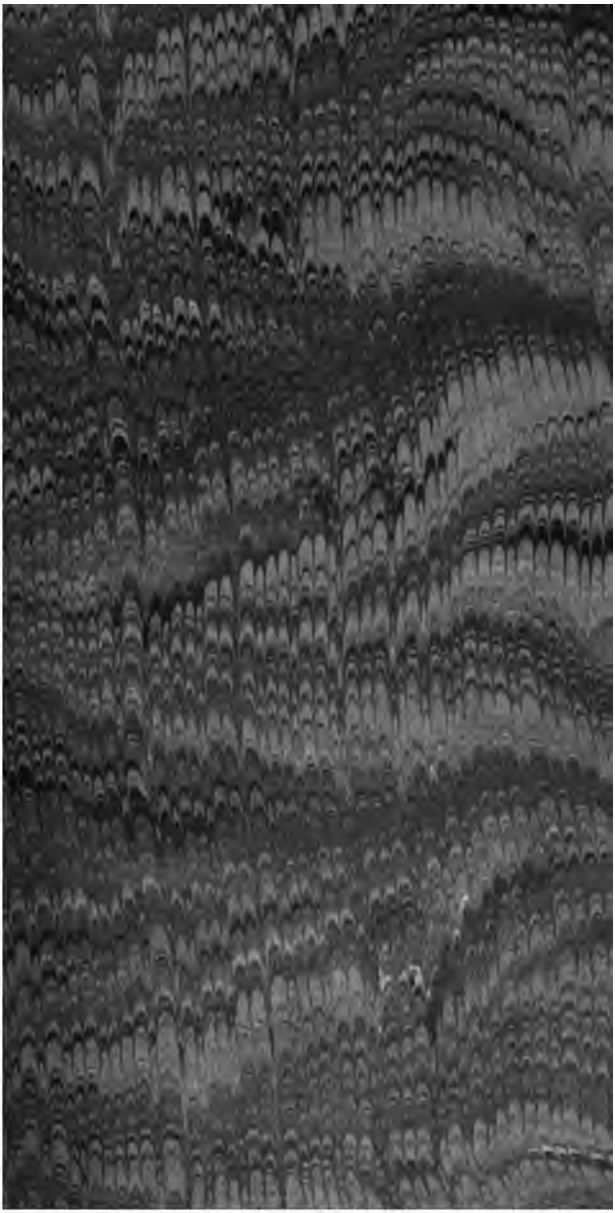

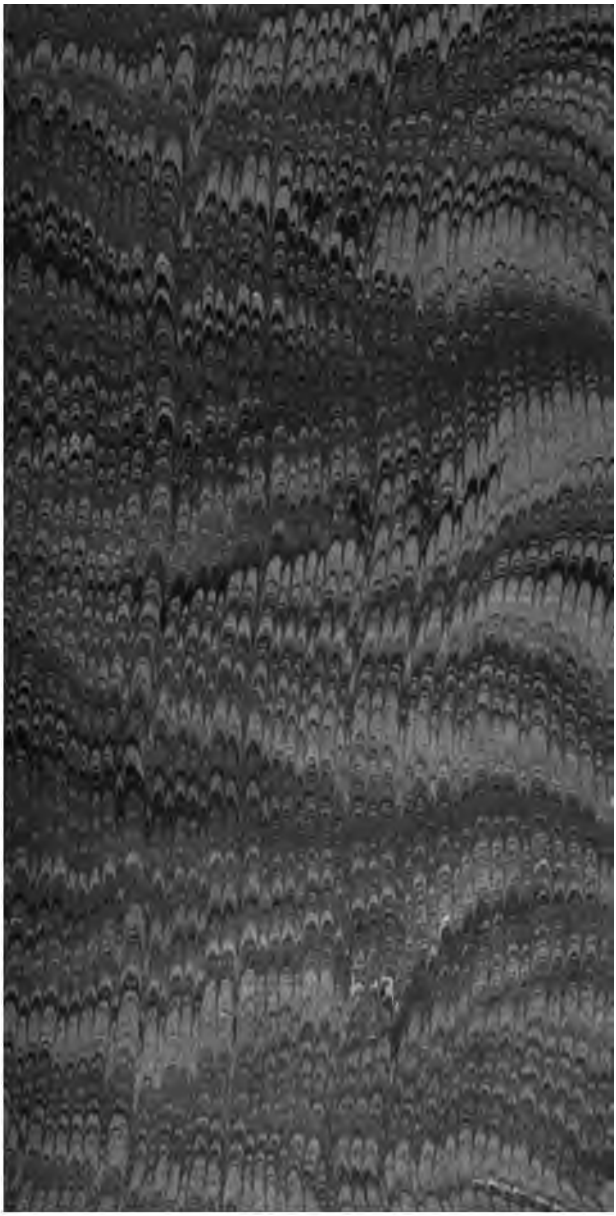

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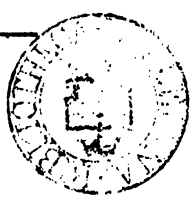
CONINGSBY,

A TRAGIC TALE.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES,

Bar.t K. J.



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CONINGSBY;

A TALE, OF RECENT DATE.

THE following Story, eventful and distressing in itself, has made a double impression upon me, because it seemed to be in conformity to the gloomy prospects, which I had anticipated many years before.

I was travelling in a distant Kingdom, when being accidentally benighted, I was received by the hospitality of an English family, who had taken up their temporary residence

there in an old Manorhouse, of which they had hired a short lease. It was a building of that sort, which is very common in England. It had once been a mansion; but was now declined almost into a Farmhouse. Two or three rooms of ample dimensions, but of rather gloomy aspect, were sufficiently convenient; and to those, who had been used to a country life, not unpleasant.

The family boasted of their bargain; and of the surrounding domain which they occupied at a very cheap rent. They said the land was fertile, as well as extensive; and that it united all that could be desirable in retirement. In short they not only excited my wonder; but my doubts of the accuracy of their account. Being detained there two or three

days, I resolved to examine with my own eyes; and took the opportunity of exploring the country in a walk by myself.

The domain was not very dissimilar to that, which it had been represented. The land seemed not unfertile, but somewhat rude, and ill-cultivated. It was a kind of damp, and heaviness in the air, and the apparent want of a well-employed, and well-supported peasantry, which alarmed me. But whatever doubts were mixed with my impressions at this moment, they were soon greatly increased.

When I got beyond the domain, I emerged upon a black sort of Waste, of apparently interminable extent; at least on two sides. I saw some dark-blue mountains at a vast

distance: all between was something between heath and bog. For some time not a human Being was seen to enliven this vacuity. At last a single peasant approached from one of the imperceptible declivities, which in a wide expanse, appearing like a plain, surrounded me. He was rudely-clad; yet there was an air of barbarous grandeur about him.

I addressed him: He entered into conversation with chearfulness, and even eloquence. I bent my steps to the part, where the waste seemed to terminate in inclosures: my companion was sufficiently willing to follow the direction which I took; and he gradually engaged to become my guide for the purposes which I had in view. I asked him about

the country; its proprietors; its inhabitants and their history. He was fluent in his narrations; and full of anecdote, and vivacity in his remarks: « Do the landlords reside on their estates? said I. — « O your Honour, answered he, there you touch a sore place! » — I was aware of it; I thought I had done wrong; I said no more; but he would go on. I endeavoured to soothe his pride. « Are there houses to be let then here? » I replied: « And could I procure one? » — « Oh bless your Honour, cried he, they are as plentiful as the summer leaf, or the fogs in November, or the clouds on the top of yonder mountains! the more's the pity: by St. Patrick; and all the other Saints, I swear it; the more's the pity! »

He paused: «Why, look yonder, your Honour, he continued, see there at the corner of the heath, a white speck among the trees. There it is: a pretty place, to be sure; that would delight your Honour's eyes: so snug; and so lonesome; and so quiet, and yet gladsome to the heart! Oh, how could the squire leave it, after so many years spent among us: so many Autumn suns that have seen us following his footsteps like the herds that obey their shepherd from the mountains! He might attend his duty in the great City to be sure; but not to come among us in the Summer, and the Autumn, as he used to do! Ah, the more's the pity! I recollect myself: the squire is grown old; and so the long and

short of it, your Honour, is, that *Belville Park* is to be let.»

« Belville Park to be let! said I to myself, it is a pompous sound. But I have seen something of the country; and I will moderate my expectations!» — We walked on: I had almost grown weary, when the limits of the Heath, in the line we were pursuing, were sufficiently visible. A foss with a mound of earth, on which was low brushwood, marked the termination. The tracks over the Heath were circuitous; and we skirted along this boundary for at least a quarter of a mile, when we came to a small seshed cottage, divided from the waste by a foss, with a little mowed platform of grass in front, and looking as if there had been an at-

tempt to embellish it into something like what in England we sometimes see fitted up for a shooting Box. The little foot-gate was thrown open. I asked my guide, whither he was carrying me. « This, your Honour, said he, is *Belville Park!* and a sweet place it is, I assure your Honour, as any in the country! » I stared: the fellow saw my surprise. « Ah, Sir, cried he, to be sure it looks cold and lonely now: it is a blank day, your Honour! but it was not four months agone, that the chimnies and windows of this lone House were in a blaze with a feast of the greatest men of the country. » — « How happened that? » answered I. « Why, perhaps your Honour may not know, it is the seat of the Knight of Glenlarney:

and he has spent here a great part of many a summer and autumn for these forty years: but he has had an accident, poor good gentleman, since he left us: and is growing old and infirm, God help him: and cannot travel so far! And so he is willing to let it!»

«It is already let», said the savage-looking old woman, who had opened the door to us!» — O, I humbly crave your pardon, your Honour! exclaimed my guide: sure, Bess O Rourke, it was not let, but two days agone!» — «Sure enough, it was not, replied Bess, but the Knight's Factor was here this very blessed morning! and has given me orders to get ready for the strange Gentleman, in a week; or he will not leave me a spit of bog to make me a hut to cover me!»

I looked at the chill, damp, comfortless room; its narrow space; its thin walls, scarce covered with half-falling patches of blue paper; its barren prospect on a wide waste of gloomy sterility; its rude hearth; the cracks in the partitions; the broken ceiling. — My heart sunk within me: I said to myself: « Who can have ventured upon this mad bargain? »

These simple people saw my countenance; and imagined its change to arise from vexation at this prior engagement. « And who, said I, is this lucky Gentleman? »

« I will fetch the name in a moment your Honour, cried Bess; it is written on a piece of paper, that lies in the Kitchen drawer. » I read it with astonishment. The name was

HUMPHRY CONINGSBY. « Do you know the Gentleman, said I to Bess, or whence he comes ? » — « Not I', she exclaimed, but the Factor says, he comes of a great family, and that he has been about the Court in England: and the King's Guards, as they call it; and that he is tired of it all; and so comes to enjoy health and happiness in this land of joy, God bless him ! And much may he enjoy; and Bess O' Rourke shall not be wanting to help to it; nor Bess's husband; nor her sons, nor her daughters, which are as pretty lasses as are to be seen any where on this side of the Blue mountains. »

So then the gay Coningsby had resolved to retire to this desolate and savage spot. I knew him by fame:

and though I was unacquainted with his person; few who frequented St. James's Street could be unacquainted with it. He was six feet high; muscular, yet graceful; and made with admirable symmetry: a clear brown complexion; a Roman nose; dark, piercing eyes, gave him all the advantages, that personal good looks could command. But his early education had been much neglected. He was of Irish descent, and had passed some of his earliest years in one of the remote provinces of that Kingdom.

A Commission in the Guards was procured for him at the age of sixteen. And with quickness of parts, and a good deal of natural eloquence, he soon acquired the surface of polished manners. His extraordinary personal recommenda-

tions introduced him with ease in to the higher ranks of female society. Neither nature nor early habits and examples had given him any thing of softness; or any thing of scruples of conscience. He became as dissolute and unprincipled, as might be expected from such a man in such a situation.

In his early career he contracted great debts; and became a prey to all the extortions practised by tradesmen, who give credit to thoughtless young men; that do not at the moment calculate, how they shall be able to pay. But a sort of hard sagacity was among his endowments, and he finally recovered from the chain of these debts, without incarceration for life; or the dreadful and humiliating alternative

of taking advantage of an Act of Insolvency. But he did not escape without the loss of all which he finally inherited from his father, a sum of at least L. 20,000.

These things had indurated the native roughness of his disposition; and added to it bitterness and hatred. This was the state of mind, in which he had been represented to me by a particular friend, when I had heard of him a few months before: and this was the state, in which I have since learned that he came to Belville a few days after I quitted it. I draw from some authentic papers which have been put in to my hands the sketches which I am about to give of that, which afterwards befell him.

Coningsby came hither with no

other income than that of an half-pay Captain, of which pittance a small part was alloted to the final satisfaction of his creditors. He brought with him a discharged serjeant, with his wife; and a discharged private; who were willing to share his fate; as they were natives of the same country; and had been in their first years used to the same barbarous manners, to which they were now to return.

All the hope that offered itself to Coningsby was in the sports of the field; in the amusements of his gun; and in the health and spirits given by strong exercise, and a constant intercourse with the open air. This plan he put into execution. When he returned to his home at night fall, fatigue gave a zest to

coarse fare. He managed so economically, that he had no necessity to deny himself large libations of that wine, to which he had been so many years accustomed. The adjoining waste supplied him with large turf-fires; and the fumes of the segar helped to correct the humidity of the atmosphere

In this mode of life, profound slumbers, the visitants of an hale constitution, stole away many cheerless hours for a long succession of months. But after the novelty had lost all its charm, he had still lurking regrets, which came by fits, and grew gradually more frequent.

In the whirl of dissipation he had not had time to think, even if a proper education had fitted him for

it. Long solitude, a few books, which he brought with him; some painful recollections excited by a correspondence with England, which some remaining ties to that Kingdom made indispensible, began to stir the dormant vigour of his intellectual faculties.

The truth is, that he had very powerful native talents. His defect lay in want of culture; and in the daring, vehement, and relentless nature of his feelings: which the tenor of his experience was peculiarly adapted to augment. His family had been marked for ages in the annals of his country; generations of them had perished in the field, or on the scaffold: they had been accustomed to attainders, oppressions, disinherisons: they had

been fugitives, and exiles : they had lost and recovered their titles : they had been oppressors, as well as oppressed : denouncements of extermination, and extinction had been thundered against them ; and yet they had survived : their blood had flowed in torrents ; and yet they had flourished again : they had covered themselves with crime, and yet their valour, their genius, and their virtues had blazed forth again in other generations.

Seclusion therefore ; a savage life, and an untaught mind, could not entirely suppress the pride, the ambition, the gleams of intellectual superiority, of Coningsby. Unhappily they turned these ingredients into fermented and feverish poison.

Among the regrets and anxieties

of this tempest-hearted man, was one ruling care, that I have not yet mentioned. He had left in England an infant daughter not three years old. Her mother died in her birth. She was the child of crime, though born in marriage; not long after a divorce had taken place from a former injured husband.

The child had been left in England in the care of a maternal aunt. Some affront being conceived by Coningsby from the expressions of a letter of this aunt, about thisme time nothing could satisfy him but sending the infant to his solitary residence for at Belville.

But how could this tender charge be nursed and educated in such a destitute place? — All obstacles appeared light to Coningsby, if

his passions were roused. By a providential piece of luck, it had happened, that the wife of his domestic, the disbanded serjeant, had been born and educated in a station far superior to the mean state her ill assorted marriage destined her to. She had in the innocent levity and unsuspecting ignorance of her youth been caught by the imposing person and lively manners of the serjeant; and ran off with him from the home of her father, a respectable tradesman in a country borough of England. She also sprung from an ill assorted alliance; for her mother had been of a still better station; and it is a circumstance not perhaps utterly undeserving of notice, that she could trace her blood, through gradual obscurity, up to Sir Walter Raleigh.

This unhappy woman had several children : but perhaps from the absence of comforts that her more delicate frame required, they had all died in their infancy. Her affections had shrunk within her ; and formed a cold gathering in her heart , that seemed as if carrying her at no very tardy pace to the grave. When Coningsby's daughter, the little ADELINDE , arrived, she became necessarily trusted to the care of this good Nurse. RALENA (for by that name she had been christened) received Adelinde in tears of joy. The sluices of her heart opened again ; and a fresh life seemed to exhilarate her emaciated frame.

The fiery spirit of Coningsby hung over his daughter in a gush of fond-

ness, his heart had ever before been an entire stranger to. Rays of light penetrated into his bosom, that only made its chaotic darkness more horrible. His novel affection connected him in a manner hitherto to unfelt both with the past, and the future.

Yet long days elapsed before the effect of this altered state of mind appeared. The first years of Adelinde's infancy passed on in this solitude, and Coningsby did little but fatigue himself in the day by exercise; and pass the remainder of his time either in the enjoyments of the table, or the oblivion of sleep. From ruminations generally painful, he escaped at every return as much as he could. The stores of his memory almost all produced dissatisfaction.

He had seen little but of the bad part of mankind: the recollection did not nourish either benevolence or hope. He had seen almost every one sacrifice all to his private passions or private interests. He habituated himself therefore to consider kind looks as the disguises of flattery, or intrigue, or plot; and protests of love, or friendship, or probity, or patriotism, as mere sounds of empty fashion, or form, that fools only could think sincere.

When Adelinde became old enough to prattle to him with any mixture of reason, his growing affection for her made him start sometimes at the flashes of new light, that burst for a moment on his ideas, and penetrated to the depths of his heart.

He began to glance with something more of interest on the few books, he had brought with him : consisting principally of Travels, or contemporary Memoirs, rarety of the best cast. The latter tinged by the tasteless and undisciplined violence of party politics, did not tend to inspire that moral amelioration of sentiment, Coningsby stood so much in need of. The tempestuous character of the last thirty years of society; the enormities, the sufferings, and the blood-shed, that had unhinged and put into confusion nearly all of the arrangements and ties of civil institutions on the continent of Europe; the hardships and perils a military life had been exposed to, were all calculated to add to the

ferocity of a disposition naturally not « of a melting mood. » The very works of imagination, which were in most currency, began to partake of this bold and unsparing tone.

The Aunt of Adelinde was not forgetful of the child's education. She corresponded with Ralena even in this recluse abode; and sent occasionally boxes of such books, as she thought most likely to open and instruct the infant mind. She learned from Ralena, whose own education had not been defective, the sort of reading best calculated to catch the taste of her little charge; and at the same time to lead it in those points, in which it wanted most direction. These, in Ralena's opinion, were such as would

train an active fancy and great tenderness of heart into regions independent of the actual circumstances, in which she might be placed, and in which there was a display of the most amiable and noble of the human passions in the complicated conflicts of society. A few of the best poets, moralists, and romance-writers, were therefore chosen.

These books Coningsby occasionally siezed. Sometimes he fell asleep over them; sometimes he threw them away in anger; sometimes he burst into coarse raillery, or loud laughter, after having read a passage or two; and now and then he devoured them eagerly for half an hour, or an hour together, as if a new sense, or a new world

had opened upon him. Occasionally he sighed; and sunk into a profound melancholy: but the fit very soon went off.

The passages which caught him most, regarded characters of violence, and the mot furious of the human passions. The habits of his former life had familiarized him to Plays upon the stage, though not in the closet; and he recognized some of the terrible speeches in Macbeth, Othello, and Zanga with enthusiasm. The vindictive fury of Zanga was to his taste; and he frequently roared out passages from him with a Stentorian voice.

Adelinde, as years advanced, was half pleased, half-frightened at the growing interest, which her father seemed to take in the stores

of her study. Ralena, whose mental faculties had now revived from their extreme depression, thought, that more evil than good arose from it. She conceived that it was too late to take up this course of reading: the soil was not prepared for it; and she feared, it would only produce rank and poisonous weeds. Coningsby's fate in life seemed cast; that which he had adopted could be only rendered endurable by habits of peaceful ignorance and extinguished passions. Whatever roused in such a mind imperfect thought, or recollections which brought with them useless regrets and dangerous angers, produced positive evil, of a nature by no means trifling.

Coningsby grew restless and dis-

contented. A desire to mix with the world again sometimes crossed him : but his means were gone; and this want broke into bitterness and exasperation. His pride was excessive; his love of independence unconquerable : his scorn of forgotten friendships, and broken ties of blood, vehement even to the most unmanageable resentment.

His bosom now became a whirlpool of bitter and terrible passions. But just in proportion as they were violent was his affection for Adelinde deep and incontroulable. The music of her voice often calmed his tumults; and the eloquence of her sentiments bewitched him, and filled his hard countenance even with torrents of tears. She seemed like a ministering angel, come to

enlighten these wilds. Her person was the very perfection of beauty. Her face, her form, her complexion, were all which poets have painted of female loveliness. She could scarcely be otherwise. Her mother, as well as her father, had possessed the most extraordinary personal charms of her day.

To bloom in a wild: « To waste her sweetness on the desert air: » how much was this to be regretted! — Fancy is delightful: sentiment is amiable, and attractive: but they require something of direction; some adaptation to society by some degree of mixture with the world. All her father's stores of mind were extracted from the world: all of hers out of its circle. Coningsby was shrewd; Adelinde was clo-

quent. His talent exhibited itself in what is called tact hers in bursts of lofty enthusiasm; in pathetic reflections; in touches of soft admiration, and lovely simplicity.

Her father could form no conception of the order of Beings, and the magnificence of scenery, with which her language seemed to testify that her mind was habitually conversant. It filled him with apprehension that it was an encouragement of dangerous delusions; but his affection aided in giving it a charm, even to his rough taste, that could not be resisted.

Adelinde caught from the humourous gossip, in which Coningsby sometimes indulged, many details of the numerous fashionable persons, he had formerly lived with: but

she mixed them up in her own manner, and gave them colours, that could hardly be said to belong to them. They served to add to the variety of an intellect, which in solitude itself was full of all diversified riches.

Her father, nevertheless, was anxious to break from this monotony of days, so dull to him. He would have ventured into the full stream of life again, even on his very strait income, had not his pride regarding his daughter interfered. He could not bear to expose her to any hazards; or any affronts, or neglects: he could not bear to be obliged to others for her introduction into the world: he could not even bear that she should enter among persons of ton without

that ease and air of fashion, that her lonely habits could not possibly have acquired.

But without her he could not go. Whatever were his faults, his parental attachment could not be denied to be extreme.

Moments occurred, when Adelinde imagined she should be delighted with such a scheme : at others, her heart shrunk from it : — shrunk from it for herself; — but more especially for her father; to whose propensities she was too acute not to suspect that it might be dangerous.

But to her even these solitary and barren scenes were allied by a thousand endearments. The creations of her magical mind made palaces, and Elysian gardens, of de-

serts; and hung a vision on the leaves of every wild shrub; and the branches of every stunted tree. Still her bosom whispered her, that some addition to the few human forms she beheld, and human voices she listen'd to, might be soothing; and perhaps might add greatly to her enjoyment. A companion of her own age, to whom she might communicate hopes and pleasures, that her father was ill qualified to appretiate, might heighten the best of unnumbered refined sentiments, which expire imperfectly, when they die in concealment; or prey upon the heart, « like a worm in the bud. » (1)

(1) She let Concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheeck.

SHAKESPEARE.

The season, when these conflicting thoughts began to press upon her with so much force as to affect her health, was the commencement of spring. Her cheeks grew pale; and her father caught the alarm. He busied himself to find out some amusement for her: he knew her attachment to gardening and planting: he therefore suggested the turning the ruins of a little Chapel at the end of a short wood-walk into a retreat adorned with shrubs, evergreens, and beds of flowers; embellishing the path to it; and fencing it so as to connect it with the nearer plantations round the house.

Adelinde entered into the design with almost infantine enthusiasm. Labourers were set to work; and

in a fortnight the path was cleared; its borders were thick-set with early flowers; shrubs were inserted wherever Adelinde's taste pointed out; the rubbish intermixed with the ruins of the Chapel was removed; its area, and its circuit were in-laid with fresh turf; benches were disposed in proper places; some ancient ivy was trailed into a beautiful bower; and beds of violets and primroses; and young shoots of honeysuckles were arranged by the soft hand of Adelinde.

The pleasures of this occupation entirely employed the energetic but tender faculties of Adelinde. The Chapel became with her the Fane of Imagination; and the inspiring-spot, which brought forth bloom,

and flowers, and fruits of the Muses in abundance. A mason; and a carpenter were at her command; and she hung the mouldering walls of the Chapel with Inscriptions.

INSCRIPTION I.

By ADELINDE.

For the Old Chapel,

Stranger! if to this lonely spot thy step
Intrude, tread on the sacred ground with awe!
Though cast in wilds, no weeds of poisonous breath
Grow here: but holy Spirits watch the shrine
Of Memory, and nurse each flower and plant,
Whose perfumes rise as incense to the sky.
Here ivy ever-green, and laurels spread
Their foliage round the simple shrine inscribed
With magic names of heroes, and of bards:
Of bards, whose Fairy Songs could turn to dust
Th' Enchanter's Castle; and the Giant's sword
Shiver to atoms; while the Hero's deeds
Live in their lays, and spurn th' assaults of Time.
What though the rhyme be weak, and sculpture rude,
And slender be the hands, from day to day
That trace the shapeless letters, cast not Thou

A look of taunt, or scorn upon the task,
Generous at least, howe'er unskill'd it be!
But if thou be of rougher mould, go, haste!
A spell is in the air; and Thou mayst feel
The magic dart, e'en while a moment's lost!

THIS Inscription was placed over a little Gothic arch, through which was the entry to the interior of the Chapel. The arch was almost the only perfect part of the original building. The Inscription was rudely cut on a soft stone, with which the country abounded : the very imperfect form of the letters added to its simple appearance.

Adelinde felt delight and wonder at this first airy creation of her mind, turned into shape, and bodily form. She gazed upon it with tremulous satisfaction; and began to fancy herself a Poetess. — Alas ! she knew not what it is to give into the poetical mood : exhausting enthusiasms; — hopes, which cannot be gratified; — and fears, which exagge-

rate real and [redacted]
gers! —

She was be[redacted] the inspire[redacted] the neighbourhood [redacted] inflammable matter [redacted] set them a[redacted] note o[redacted] — She [redacted] lonely wilderness [redacted] chance here [redacted] ed! — But he [redacted] to the woods and [redacted] sic, which [redacted] ear was in its softest [redacted] filled it with rapture —

INSCRIPTION II.

To COLLINS.

They say, Thou lovedst to give thy fancy play,
And slumber by Elysian waterfalls,
And dream thy dreams of magic: Thou didst well.
What though the surly Critic * spurn'd thy hopes,
And smiled to scorn thy wishes, not the less
Were they of high aspiring, not the less
Was thy ambition noble; not the praise
Of breathing air celestial less deserved!
Where is the Lyre, that every Passion siezed
Successive, and struck out her varied tones?
It falls no more to mortal touch, it hangs
Mute on thy tomb! — And where, sweet Bard, didst Thou
Catch those enrapturing notes, that thrill'd its strings?
Sure, 'twas from those Elysian waterfalls,

* Dr. Johnson. — See his Life of Collins, amongts the English Poets.

The Man * whose ear, of earthly texture, joy'd
Most in the crowded hum of men, disdain'd!
Then, Peace be to thy ashes: Glory wait
In never-dying radiance round thy grave:
And may thy spirit teach some other Bard
To take the slighted Lyre, and strike like Thee!

* Dr. Johnson.

WHEN this poetical rage first comes upon those, whom Nature has endued with the capacities to fulfill its calls, it produces a short delirium of power, which inebriates the possessor, as if with the acquisition of a magic wand. Languors ensue; increased sensibilities; increased irritations: an hour of rapture is purchased at the expense of a day of pain, and disgust! —

This is the case with those, who have had the misfortune to be called occasionally into active life: perhaps it may not be so with those, who have never lived but in the regions of Fancy; who have never subsisted but upon etherial air: to whom the waters of Helicon have been the common drink.

When once Adelinde found that her words flowed easily into metre, she was unwilling to write any other language.

there were none to witness it; whose education and age qualified them to be her associates. — To behold her; and not to admire her; — not almost to worship her, was impossible ! A form, slight but round; a fair and transparent complexion; blue eyes; auburn hair, were animated by a grace of motion, a sweetness of voice, and a brilliance and charm of expression, that made her almost appear

« Some gay creature of another world,
» That plays i' th' plighted clouds. »

Her pen was always in her hand; she had caught the habit; and she now threw the description of almost all her feelings into verse. It was not only therefore in INSCRIPTIONS that she vented herself. The daily Journal of

her sentiments vented itself continually in poetry. Thus she speaks.

Of HERSELF.

I am alone : I never knew the joy
Of dear companions, of an age like mine.
But it would be ungracious to complain :
For I have many blessings. Nature's boon
Endues me with a fancy, which supplies,
What Fortune's frowns would shut from me. I sit
Upon a bank of fragrant turf, and see
A thousand forms, of lustre not of earth,
Rise, with unborrowed hues, at my command.
But yet, methinks, some kindred bosom, where
My youthful thoughts might find a sympathy,
Would give these visionary joys a zest.
They tell me, that the world is far unlike
What my fond dreams have imaged it. But good, —
There must be good ; — or tales, that I have read,
Could ne'er have enter'd into human wit.

A girl of sixteen, or seventeen, thus recording her own thoughts

in a manner utterly frank, and free from disguise, excites admiration by her purity and simplicity. Adelinde had received all the light of elegant literature without being subjected to the dominion of its fashions, and its artifices. She never sought for ornament beyond that, which expressed her thoughts; she aspired to no technical beauties; she laboured for no tricks of language; she lost not a moment in pursuing any favourable position of words. She relied upon the soul, that dictated; the force of the picture that reflected itself from the mirror of her bosom. To feel, to find words, and to exercise her pen, were, in her, cotemporaneous efforts. Diction rose with her thoughts: and beautiful as her

person was, she yet seemed almost all mind.

The following is another picture of her thoughts.

Adelinde, in self-examination.

They say, 'tis in our power to rule our thoughts.
Alas! they have dominion over me:
They come, and go, as pleases them. — They scorn
My bidding: sometimes in full troops they rush
Upon my brain; and breed confusion there
By numbers, which defy all marshalling:
Anon, they leave it all a sterile waste;
And not an image meets my urgent prayer.
I know not, whence they come; nor whither bent.
They have no outward substance: they are not
Reflections of this visible world: they rise
Like dreams, the types of what I never saw,
And never heard: and they are not composed,
By combination new of what I've seen,
Or heard; their very elements are new.
I wish sometimes I could escape from them:
They harrass, and o'ercome my feeble frame;
And leave me sad; exhausted; wishing death.

But Adelinde had her mortifications, even amidst the glory of these noble employments. Poetry had now become her business; her desire; her passion. In whatever book she found it attacked (and she found it perpetually attacked); it gave her pain; and even all the indignation, that her gentle spirit could feel. This appears from the following Lines.

On POETS.

« It is an idle trade, this poet's trade: »
So the stern sage, who takes the pompous name
Of Man of Science, calls it: with wise saws
He shakes his head, and swears, 'tis but an art
Of forming clouds into fantastic shapes;
And building airy castles, that each wind
Will sweep away! — O leave him to himself:
He deals in nothing but material forms;
The spiritual world is mantled from his sight.
He scorns, and gibes at what he cannot see;
And takes his blindness for superior wit.

In what cases it may be praiseworthy, and in what cases only excusable, thus to live in the regions of Fancy, it is not the business of a Novelist to discuss. Certain it is that there are many situations in life, in which the privations and sufferings would not be endurable but for this resource. Providence would scarcely have given us this high faculty, unless to make use of it. When it is said, that the visions, which thus haunt us, are not real, what is meant by this intended censure? They are real with regard to their effects. They produce at least equally strong feelings: the internal eye sees them with at least equal clearness and brilliance. But it sees them, it may be said, and they vanish: they are

like the passing shapes of the clouds! Are the clouds then not real? Are the darting coruscations of the Autumnal lights not real?

Adelinde looked not only with complacence, but with rapture, on the growing improvements around her. As the spring advanced, the young plants continued to shoot, and the flowers to blow in abundance in the small parterres formed by her own hands. A little Eden blooming in a wilderness enraptured her imagination: the airs of heaven breathing kindly around her, and bearing fragrance on their wings, imported a softness, a freshness, a vigour to her senses. Her material frame, like her mind, was in its most exquisite tone. She relieved the work, that the attendance on

her flowers and shrubs required, by intense reading. She mixed History with Fiction; and each gave a zest to the other.

The peculiar circumstances attached to the descent of her Nurse and first Instructress, Ralena, made her always turn with preeminent interest to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This led her to the production of the following Inscription.

INSCRIPTION IV.

To ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex.

Essex! Thou wert too like an humour'd child
Made moody by thy Sovereign's flattery:
While mobs, whose idol never yet had been
The same their Princes chose, pursued thy steps,
And hail'd thee with their noisy worshippings.
Perchance this compound incense was enough
By its all-potent fumes to overset
Thy fickle fancy. Thou wert borne away
On wings of Vanity; and hadst strong need
Of ballast, to fly steady in the course,
Where thy career of fortune carried thee.
But yet thy heart was generous; thy full mind
Melted responsive to the glowing beams
Of Genius. and thy firey soul aspired
To laurels of heroic enterprize.
Yet how couldst Thou, in bloom of primest youth,
Brave Her, who had shower'd favours on thy head,
E'en from the Throne? The paths of bold renown
Were open to thy march; and Glory call'd:
Yet madly didst Thou close them; and shut up
The gates of Mercy, ere thy task was done!

WHEN Adelinde's reflections engaged themselves on the subject of Q. Elizabeth's favourites, the reasons which I have given, always led her first to sir Walter Raleigh. His vast talents, his chivalrous spirit; his eventful life; his cruel and unjust death on the scaffold; the heroic manner, in which he met his fate, have raised a general and fervid interest in his favour, in the remembrances of posterity. It would have been indeed alien to the warm and generous temperament of Adelinde's heart and intellectual endowments, not to have been impressed with these potent claims to her favour. Her affection for Ralena strongly increased this interest.

In what manner she mixed her

private attachments with her historical recollections may be seen by the following Lines.

Lines addressed to Ralena.

Raiena ! my Ralena ! it is strange
To muse upon the fluctuating tide
Of human fortunes ! where twill ebb, or flow,
What wisdom can presage? — When He, — (whose fire
Explored new worlds, and thought the mighty force
Of all-pervading Intellect would throw
Mankind e'en at the mercy of his nod,)—
Rode in the car of Glory, did He dream,
What clouds and griefs would cast to cells obscure
Those who could trace their generous blood to Him ?
But cheer thine humble heart; and nurse the flame
Of noble confidence, that Thou hast done
Thy duty like an angel : — so shall Worth
Emerge from thickest clouds, though black as night;
And Raleigh's gorgeous rays shall pale to thine !

Lovely as Adelinde was in her affections; beautifully as she mixed them up with her literature and her Fancy, it is apparent that all the colours of her mind, and all its cultivation tended to improve the native excellence of her disposition, and refinement and elevation of her thoughts. This spiritual goodness spoke in her eyes; charmed in the melting tones of her voice; and irradiated her whole form. She must have appeared in these savage deserts, like the *Lady* in *Comus* to the sylvans who beheld her, « not of earth's mould », some emanation of an higher order of Beings. The wild Irish peasants addressed her with reverence; and with that strange mixture of fanciful eloquence, which breaks out in so astonishing a man-

ner even from the most rude and uneducated of them, in the midst of absurdities. The illustrious Irish blood, that was known to flow in her veins, added to their enthusiasm.

Her constant thoughts at this time were of so poetical a cast, that all her language, when she took up her pen, ran into verse, and seemed better suited to that form. Its elevation, its enthusiasm, appeared in a better taste, when it assumed that shape, and aspired to that character. The tenor of prose chilled and kept down the native flow of her energetic sentiments.

But these energies still had their ebbs and flows. In this destitute and unvaried solitude, in which there were so few objects of real

life to diversify her feelings, languor and gloom would sometimes succeed to the simple and virtuous enjoyments, which she had created for herself. Coningsby could not follow the intellectual career, for which her wings were every day growing stronger. Respect for her father, mingled with pity and bitter regret at the early want ot cultivation which had left his faculties in so wild and coarse a state, caused an increasing silence in his presence, which she vainly struggled to overcome.

Perhaps it was at this time that the following picture of her state of feelings was committed to paper.

REFLECTIONS.

Alas! this fountain of my heart, that flows
In streams so copious, will its spring-tide last?
These solitary bowers; those mountains blue;
You brown, cold, silent Waste; — can they supply
Due food for this exhausting Fancy? — Come,
Chasers of darkness, Bards of happier lot,
Come, pour from springs of Castaly new gifts
Of ever-living waters o'er my soul!
Ye Moralists; and ye, whose ample page
Paints all the hues of many-colour'd life,
Enrich this vacant bosom with your stores,
And fill it with each varied tint of thought,
Whose endless changes shift, e'en like the Bow
That glitters in Heaven's canopy through showers,
— Blank though the world around me, ye can form
Kingdoms within, whose wealth can ne'er decay!

Ralena observed this progress in Adelinde's mind with wonder and admiration; but not without uneasiness. It seemed to be something supernatural, considering the few opportunities she had possessed. She

looked in her countenance, and thought she saw in it a sort of inspired look which, as Ralena was not without a strong mixture of superstition in her mental temperament, made her tremble.

There are advantages in solitude: but it is not there that the mind in general learns to perform its greatest efforts. There the materials for moral observation are too limited. The conflicts arising from complicated balances of good and evil seldom occur there. The innumerable varieties of « many-coloured life » do not force themselves upon the attention. But there was something in Adelinde, that overcame this destitution. The fertility of her mind supplied the objects; and all their lights and shades.

Ever meditative; cherishing all the seeds of thought; and nursing them to bud, and to bloom; seldom suffering an idea, that glanced upon her, to pass unarrested, she attained a facility of arranging and describing the operations of her intellect.

She did not indulge blindly in the propensities of her fancy; or the course that her musings took. She considered herself a being answerable for the faculties given her; and bound to apply them, as far as her opportunities enabled her, in a manner equal to their quality and force, whether great, or little. This may be inferred from the ensuing Fragment of Verses.

Soliloquy, by Adelinde.

'Tis said « there is no virtue in the mind;
» 'Tis all in action. » — It cannot be so.
Virtue may be in action; — but not there
Alone: the mind, that nurses all pure thought,
And forms a thousand visionary schemes
Of good, that die as quickly as they rise,
That wastes itself in thinking, and wears out
The mould of clay, it dwells in, by the heat
Of feverish fancies, may deserve the palm,
That Virtue on her choicest sons confers.
Each has his task: millions of different paths
Lead to the Temple, that Heaven has above
For those, who do the work allotted them (*).
If Virtue were in act alone, despair
Would come upon me: « I could never win
Heaven's gate: what scene of action is for me?
I am a cypher there. I am shut out
From the world's business: — from its very hauntst
And were I call'd to practise what I think,
My frighten'd senses would refuse their aid:
Perchance, I should commit a thousand faults,
My soul in peaceful solitude disdains;
And then the piercing shrieks that conscience raised,
Would plunge me headlong in Perdition's stream.

(*) See a celebrated passage to this effect in one of Milton's Sonnets.

Any mind not endued with the highest degree of activity, would have sunk into languor, in the situation, in which Adelinde was placed. The same dull routine; the same paucity of objects, the same privation of proper companions, the same coarse, unenlightened, and fatiguing conversation, acted as severe trials on the strength and abundance of her faculties. Her spirits were airy and elastic: the stores of books multiplied an hundredfold in her creative fancy.

The healthy life that Adelinde led, contributed to this admirable force of intellect. Almost all the day was spent under the open sky: hours were past in working in her garden; in tending her flowers and plants. She herself graved some of

the Inscriptions on tablets of wood; and ornamented them with wreathes of leaves; and other appropriate designs, sketched with elegance, and executed with grace. In these fairy fabrics of her hands she found with a growing enthusiasm a cure for ennui, and a guard to the purity of her sentiments, and the just aspirings of her noble imagination. Nothing of the gross contaminations of society broke in, to lower the visions that surrounded her with unclouded splendor. The ear and the heart are thus refined and sublimated to listen to the strains of other worlds; and to believe that the music of the spheres may sometimes deign to reach the earth.

Coningsby had gradually felt the

superiority of his daughter's mind operate like a charm upon him. He was « awe-struck » : the sweetness of her voice; the unaccountable eloquence of her expressions; a tone of sentiment, that first appeared like something in fiction; and then by the simplicity and naïvete with which it daily prevailed in all she said, and its unsought accordance with all she did, impressed itself upon his conviction as the sincere and unvarnishod picture of what she really thought and felt, elevated her so high in his opinion, as well as in his affection, as to cause a most strange mixture of humiliation, pride, and wonder in his breast.

This had no effect on the humility of Adelinde's temper. Her

acuteness; her hourly-increasing energy of reflection, enabled her duly to appretiate all the weaknesses of frail mortality; to feel her ignorance; her feebleness; her vain hopes; her momentary doubts and fears; the unsatisfactoriness of her enjoyments; the sighs, that the solitude of her situation too often generated; the imbecillity with which she grasped at the aerial images, that were constantly playing round her; and the restlessness called forth by a comparison of her own lot with those of many, of whom she read!

It is probable, that a portrait of such abstract qualities will not please many readers. They love to see these qualities put in action: to have them dramatized. But how

could a life of such solitude display itself but in speculation? It was with the « shadowy Tribes of Mind » alone, that she was conversant.

Her father was full of anecdote: but such was now the charm that Adelinde's manners had over him, that he had lost his confidence in the value of this sort of entertainment. He began to suspect that he had only seen the surface of things: that he had but a very partial view of a very insignificant part of society; in their buffooneries, or in the indulgence of imitative dissoluteness, where even the excuse of passion and transient pleasure did not exist. To do, in mere stupid imitation, things at once disagreeable and wicked, is so common as

to be the cause of the ruin of half the youth of the higher orders.

Coningsby had hitherto considered all delineations of female virtue, and female wisdom, to be fictions disgusting from their disregard to likeness. He had now acquired a new key to his reading. He took up romances with a different interest : but it was almost too late to learn a new lesson : it filled him with horror of himself, and all the stores of his memory.

Adelinde went on in her own habits, almost unconscious of the confused and conflicting revolutions she had caused in the head and heart of her father. Some poet says (I think, Cowper), that there is a pleasure in the construction of poetry, none but poets can guess at.

I remember that Cowper says in his Poem on Retirement.

p From all he sees he catches new delight:
Pleased Fancy claps her pinions at the sight:
The rising or the setting orb of day;
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away;
Nature in all the various shapes she wears;
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs;
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes;
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes:
All, all alike transport the glowing Bard,
Success in verse his glory and reward. p

That Adelinde thought so, has been sufficiently proved already. It was the first of her occupations: it was the form into which every sentiment of her heart arranged itself. I cannot resort to the words, in which she has recorded the pictures of herself without a constant recurrence to them. Here follows another.

When the Moon glides majestic through the sky;
And, as she passes, all the varying clouds
Catch pearly radiance; o'er my breast there spreads
A lofty calm, which sure is not of earth!
I listen; and methinks I hear the tones
Of silver lyres, that vibrate from the Car,
Where the Night's Queen sits throned; the harmony
In gentle undulations spreads along:
Then, as if leaning down its course to earth,
Comes whispering cross my ear. It says, a Fond Maid,
» If Thou art pure of heart, and lovest the lyre
» For its own virtues, listen, listen still!
» If life be full of sorrows; if Neglect
» Leave thee to pine in wilds, Thou yet hast joys,
» That worldlings never knew: and if the grief,
» That mortal frame is heir to, fall on Thee;
» Up to the brim though the dread cup be heap'd,
» And must not pass; yet soon its pangs shall cease;
» And yonder, whence those sounds salute thee, shall
» Thy pure immortal spirit be received! »

The enthusiasm of true poetry communicates to us a new world

of enjoyments for all the augmented sorrows it brings with it. The talent or trick of constructing artificial verses, too often mistaken for it by the stupid multitude, has nothing in common with it. The energy of feeling; the burst of unsought imagery; the reality, that the believing mind of the poet gives in the fervor of composition to what he describes, are entire strangers to the mere verse-maker.

Adelinde was cast in the mould of the enthusiasts. The desert spot she inhabited, became to her a creation of variety and riches inexhaustible and innumerable. Whence could she inherit this splendor of genius; this emanation of goodness? Her father's character is before the reader: her mother's frailties have

been mentioned: but perhaps this mother might have been the victim of circumstances: an immolation to fashion, bad example, bad education, and deep-laid design. She was gone to answer for her faults: and, happily for Adelinde, the daughter knew not of them.

The charge against poetry, that it indisposes us for the duties of life, goes upon the absurd assumption, that it is recommended to all to be poets. Are none to be spared from the common duties of life? Is every one to do the same work? There are readers, who require every-day characters; because they say that they are natural. Is nothing natural, that is sublime, or beautiful, or virtuous? Why do we read books of Fiction, but

to carry us out of every-day occurrences ! — to feed the aspirings of the mind : — to satisfy the wider range, that the soul loves to take in solitary musings ? —

For my part, I delight to dwell on these rare effluences of an higher order of Beings : to dilate upon their intellectual movements ; — to describe the images they most cherished. « Incident » I hear the reader call for : « give us incident, » and plot. I hate your sentiments » and descriptions : I want bustle » « and life. » — Let this reader then throw down my pages : he will meet with nothing to his taste.

I proceed with the registers of Adelinde's mind contained in her poetical effusions.

FRAGMENT.

On the Fall of Man.

It must have been; — that Fall of Man, which
writ
From pen divine have told; — and He has sung,
That holy Bard (*), of outward light deprived,
In whom the more Heaven's radiance inward shone,
That Fall of Man must have brought down on
us
Those evils of our frame, that render us
Unworthy of the glorious Orb we fill!
This Globe, that we inhabit, — it exceeds
In beauty and in majesty of scene,
What language can describe; or Fancy draw?
Hill; valley; emerald meadow; purling stream;
And roaring torrent; mountain; ocean; lake;
And sun; and moon; and stars; and sailing
clouds;
And whispering breezes; and deep-bellowing storm;
And trees; and spreading woods; and fragrant
flowers:
All else, that cheers the eye, and glads the heart;
And ministers delight to every sense! —

(*) Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*.

But it is Man, fall'n Man, whose soul debased
Wants strength t'enjoy; and will to profit by it.
Fatigued, exhausted, feverish with excess
Of bliss too high for his deep-sunken frame,
He seeks his pleasure in more groveling scenes.
He titters with the tittering fool; and tastes
With most congenial zest the merriment,
That most bespeaks his Being's degradation.
O Thou, of heavenlier essence; Spirit pure,
Inspired Muse, who seem'st to have escaped
The taint of Satan's guile, and Eve's sad fall!
Thou hoverest o'er the lovely scenes, that once
Perchance were lotted to thy fond domain,
And if there be a breast, that cultivates
With reverence due th' ascending flames of incense
Upon thine altars piled, Thou clear'st his eye,
And purifiest his ear; and teachest him
To see and hear millions of sights and sounds,
Which to the clogged senses of the crowd,
That blind-fold tread the globe, are bar'd, and blank.

LETTER,

To Adelinde, from her aunt, Lady Jane Falconer.

MY Adelinde!

I learn from your Nurse, Ralena, (in whom though long disuse of writing may cause some inaccuracies I percieve a person of excellent talents as well as uncommon goodness), that you are grown up into a creature, that excites all my admiration, as well as my love. Ralena, however, you may perhaps accuse of perfidy — I am sure a venial perfidy, — when you find she has been transcribing for me some fragments of your poetry, which you scatter about like the leaves

and flowers, that adorn your garden and shrubbery.

O my Adelinde, what shall I say to this divine gift, that you cultivate with so much ardor? Shall I chill the precious faculty, that makes an Eden of a desert, and turns into regions of delight the savage solitudes of Ireland? Shall I throw a cloud over those genial suns of the bosom, that ameliorate the heart, and exalt the soul? And yet, my Adelinde, — it may be the weakness of my education and habits of life, — I tremble for you. — I fear, that humanity was not made for these impassioned, and divine excursions of spirit. — I fear, you will bring that tender and fervid heart to too high a state of sensibility.

I know, my lovely neice, you will deem this to be crabbed lore derived from the worldling's vocabulary. It is unfortunately the result of experience, and circumstances more peculiarly belonging to part of the blood, that flows in your veins. Your dear mother, whom you lost so early, and who, with all her faults, that frail mortality is subject to, is yet, I trust, in Heaven, had a sensibility that I always strove vainly to regulate. In a gay world she had no opportunity to cultivate the talents you have cultivated; but by fits she read such books, as her leisure permitted, of those most apparently congenial to you. I had observed that she required no aid to the brilliance or depth of colouring, that her fancy

naturally gave to every object. I would have calmed her perturbations; sobered her hopes; and checked her inconsiderate sallies.

Our family have been at all times the victims of softness, or impetuosity. If your father should see this letter, I intreat him to forgive me for thus drawing your attention to your mother's side. I know, he is angry with me: I say it not in aggravation, but in hope of peace, that indeed he is mistaken; — that I have given him no just ground of offence. He took you from me: he had a right to do so: you was his child: and I was bound to submit. I lamented it: it was a deep affliction to my heart: the chasm is not yet closed.

Alas! it cannot be said of the Falconers, that

« Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. »

With no common-place qualities, in all the ordinary concerns of life they were always in the rear. It has been only on great occasions, and where higher talents were required, that they have come forward.

I do not think, my Adelinde, that your Father's family have been more characterized by a dull prudence, than your Mother's. They have been more men of the sword; and their track of ambition has been different. But energies and adventures have been their bane, as well as their glory.

Forgive me then, Adelinde, if, though proud of your genius, and

enchanted with your goodness, I yet intreat you to moderate your feelings, pure and exalted as they are. We live in a state of Being, which Providence seems to have decreed to be a proof of our fallen nature. The scenes around us are sufficiently sublime and beautiful to afford gratification to higher classes of intellect: but we are not qualified to raise our minds to the due enjoyment of them. The excitement is too much for us: we sink into languor; or rise into fever.

Ralena tells me, you look pale at times; and that she is sure you could not encounter the rough manners of the world; or preserve your liveliness amid the hard raillery, that would beset you. My Adelinde; the day may come, when it may

be proper for you to enter into this world. I must strive to prepare you for it. . . . . .

While I write this, I hesitate at what I am doing. Your situation is most peculiar. Ought such virtue; — ought such incomparable attainments to be exposed even to a passing cloud, that may chill them? I puzzle myself with the history of genius; I pursue its fruits; I mark its aberrations; I weep over its sorrows and misfortunes; I shrink from its crimes. I am willing to persuade myself that it is sometimes happy; sometimes prosperous; and sometimes rewarded. But I cannot persuade myself, that it is any other than a most fearful gift. I read of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Spenser, Camoens, Milton, Col-

lins, Burns, Cowper! There is much to envy in them: but how much cause also for heart-rending sympathy! —

We cannot detach ourselves from the material part of our Being: we cannot raise ourselves entirely above its griefs, its sufferings, and its desires: its hatreds afflict us: its attachments agitate us: its wants tyrannize over us. Can we, as with a magic wand, drive out the demon, that rules within? Have we mastered a Passion, when we have described it? Have we allayed its tumults by painting it in all its energies? Can we say to it? « I have imprisoned thee in these » lines! Here: abide my com- » mand; and be ready at my call, » to come; or go. » —

I marvel not, dearest girl, at the dominion, which these enchantments have over you. I am aware how flattering, how almost inebriating, must be the power of a Creator! The Tribes, that troop about you, all at your command, must be far above the despotism of Empires. But oh, how doubly sad, and full of despondence, when these glories fade away, is the blank and sterile scene, in which poor humanity is left to pine!

If your compositions betrayed less of enthusiasm, I should not be so much alarmed for you. A gentle address to a Primrose, or a Violet, might not shew somuch shew genius, but it would not so much endanger the happiness of the author. We have many of theses classes of com-

posers, who mix in life with us. They are harmless creatures; not at all less awake to all the little vanities and petitesses of society, than the most stupid triflers.

Perhaps I should myself have fallen into these perils, had not your beloved Mother, three years my senior in age, proved to me by the ardor of her feelings, and the acuteness of her sufferings, the extreme peril of cherishing this temperament. Adelinde, I doubt, if it be not a decree of Providence, that we should submit to a lower tone of sentiments. This etherial essence renders us unfit to subsist on grosser food: and if we cannot always obtain it, as surely we cannot, it leaves us often destitute and miserable.

« My Adelinde! On reperusing

the lines I have ventured to scribble to you, I am puzzled with many painful doubts of their propriety. I am conscious, that I form my judgements under very different circumstances from such as you are placed in. Solitude calls for ideal companionship: and the soul would stagnate, if the activity of the mental faculties were not kept up by continued excitement.

« I am sure, lovely Neice, that you require not my advice. May the angels, whose intelligence you cultivate, hover round you, and protect you! »

Answer of Adelinde.

« I have no language fit to thank you, my most kind and excellent

sential differences between the feelings and habits of mind of an hero or a statesman, and those of a poet : but I think they are not unlike in the spirit, that you deem so delusive and dangerous.

I can hardly excuse myself for this audacity of self-opinion towards you. But, my most excellent and indulgent Aunt, you will find an apology for me, when I can scarcely find one for myself. You call to mind the peculiarity of my fate : you reflect, that « thought » is « my paradise (*) » Books are my company, that afford me leisure to think for myself : they neither take me by surprize, nor irritate me into hasty contradiction. Instead of

(*) « Thought would destroy their Paradise. »
GRAY.

the light tribes of my own age, I live among the wise and the brilliant, selected from a long extent of time, and speaking to me their immost opinions, and disclosing both the virtues and the frailties of their bosoms.

If to be constantly conversant with this higher order of Beings do really unfit me for society, for life, for the pleasures and duties becoming my age and sex, then farewell life, and society, and its pleasures and employment! But is this any sacrifice to me? I give up what would probably never be within my reach! Let me not at least, dear Aunt, give up the hope of seeing you! If you cannot approve the romantic spirit of your neice, you will forgive her, and

cherish her! — It is not her desire to pass her days in an hermitage, alienated from the affections and the cheerfulness of social life. She assuredly knows, that when she should first appear, she would require all your guidance and controul. Every object would appear in mist and confusion to her over-excited attention. She would forget her resolves; misapply her recollections; and be silent and stupid from the excess of activity given to her mind.

These are among the evils of her habits and occupations. Are they incurable? Will not the mist disperse; and every object take its due size and shape and colour? Will not memory then assist; and the assemblage of absent stores add

light and variety to what is before the eye?

In the little choice of Biography, that my good luck, and especially your kindness, has collected for me, I learn that life is full of sorrows and misfortunes even among the most prosperous. Where Nature has given strong and active talents, and great sensibility, I cannot imagine to myself, --- (and I have ruminated upon the subject a thousand times,) the possibility of enduring these perpetually-recurring afflictions, unless the aid of that spirit of fancy and self-emancipation is called in, which you think so liable to mislead, and to disqualify for the duties of our existence. How could Raleigh have supported his long imprisonment

but by the aid of this spirit? How could Milton have supported blindness and proscription? How could Tasso have endured the long years of unjust incarceration spent among the yells of insanity? Mark, how the great poet of our days (*) speaks on this subject!

« But Thou, my young Creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me, came and smiled;
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight;
Thou too art gone, — and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep, and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended: what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear — and how?
I know not that: — but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource »

The intensity of the delight arising from this sort of spiritual exi-

(*) Lord Byron. *Lament of Tasso.*

stence can almost overcome and obliterate the deepest disappointments, privations, and even bodily pains of real life. When I picture to myself Raleigh ascending the scaffold to close by a violent death, inflicted by the most atrocious injustice, a life of which the reward of the noblest adventures had been an inclosure of many years duration, in the walls of the Tower, added to the forfeiture of a magnificent estate; — when I see him touching with a smile the edge of the axe that in a few minutes was to separate that head so highly gifted, and so richly furnished, from his body; — when I reflect on the intervening hours between the last sentence and the execution; when I remember that on looking back

on his past life there were amongst his splendid achievements many things not quite consistent with the ease of a scrupulous conscience, — when under these circumstances of complicated mental trial, I see him still serene, elated, glorious, to what can we ascribe this but to the ascendancy of Genius, and the power of Imagination realizing its effects?

In private life the results are the same. I was reading the other day an instance of this in the Memoirs of a poet little known. Connected with the acuteness of his intellectual faculties, was a delicacy and excess of sensibility, not improperly called morbid. He seemed peculiarly ill-calculated to stem the bustle of life; to resist its difficulties; to op-

pose injustice; and surmount injury. He was shy; timid; reserved; diffident: abashed by ridicule; frozen by neglect; and deterred even by the most insignificant censure. An infancy spent in rural solitude confirmed all these defects. An addiction to the pursuits of Fancy added to the excess of his native sensibility. Chance or imperious circumstances threw him into the tempestuous Ocean of the world. Ductile; trusting; generous; sanguine; he soon became involved in a thousand of its difficulties. In a conflict of thirty years, he suffered almost every sort of persecution and injury, that could be enumerated. The endless extortions of the law; calumny; disinherison; ingratitude; fraud; hourly dangers;

threatened freedom; horrors of poverty; positive privations! To these were added some of the severest griefs; some of the most dreadful trials to affection, to which humanity is liable. — He bore them all, — almost with serenity and cheerfulness: he never lost the elasticity of his mind. The spirit of the Muse invested him in a mantle, that, as by a spell, threw off dangers and sorrows. His firmness; the unconscious simplicity of his bosom, keeping him erect in the midst of storms that would have bent him, and clouds that would have covered him with darkness and disgrace, made the dart of Malice fall dead; and the poison of Injustice spill itself ere it reached his lips. To look back on a long series

of years spent in these endurances, when any one of them seemed sufficient to sink to the earth his unassisted sensibility, furnishes a strong conviction of the miraculous powers of Fancy ! When reality was all impenetrable blackness about him, he lived in a Creation of his own, surrounded and pierced in every direction by a radiance of light. Reason would have afforded him no aid : cold calculations would have plunged him into despair.

Do not judge me to be disrespectful for indulging in this strain ! My mode of thinking is my all. Tear this veil, or colouring from me, and what is my situation ? I must cling to it therefore in a manner, that, I fear, may have the appearance of obstinacy.

Permit me to aggravate this fault, by transcribing for you, what I really had forgotten, when I wrote the last pages: but which has not only some connection with this subject; but shews the uniform course of my sentiments. You probably are much more familiar than I am, with the memory of Him it records.

The POET.

I had a Poet once of my own blood:
We sprung from the same grandfather! Alas,
I knew him not. — They tell strange tales of him
Not one do I believe. I have the proof;
The damning proof of their calumnious hate:
The precious writs of his departed soul
Are here: I press them to my heart; and say
Dear, kindred Bard! O, were thy genius mine
The Muse's spell yet lingers on the page,
The magic figures trace. It is all life;
All sentiment; — the mirror of his heart

Is here; reflecting all, as if he lived!
Earth-bound, he cannot throw away the clogs
Of this frail flesh, predestined from the Fall:
But yet he struggles hard from day to day;
His wings grow stronger; he half-mounts, and flies
Nearer and nearer to the air of Heaven.
At last the irreversible decree
Comes; and Icarian wings, dissolved by heat
Etherial, plunge him back to hated earth.
Thou wert consumed in thine own fire, dear Bard!
And now thine ashes rest! The worldly brutes
May tread upon the surface of thy grave:
But they will not disturb the dust beneath:
They dare not: yes, they have a coward fear
Of mysteries, they know not what! Thy form,
Though vigorous once, was shrivel'd by the fire
That burn'd within; and while thou tread'st the earth,
They thought thee feeble in thy latter days:
Then forth with brutal strength they came; and strove
To crush thee to the ground. But gainst the spell,
That in thine ashes breathes, they could no more
Summon their boasted courage, than the child
That dreams of ghosts and cannot face the dark.
But let them scatter all the mortal part,
That yet remains of thee, amid the mob

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Of human wretches grosser than themselves;
It matters not to thee : thy soul was all :
It scorn'd its mortal prison : it disdain'd
Those chains of flesh. But thou perchance mayst be
Permitted, in the dead of night, when sleep
Yields to the roaring storm, to ride the blast;
Shriek in their ears; and bid their coward hearts
Repay the triumph of corrupted earth!

I intreat you, beloved Aunt, to say nothing in disparagement of one of my favourite characters, even though you should disagree with me.

Your affectionate and grateful neice.

ADELINDE CONINGSBY.»

THE summer had nearly passed away; the suns grew serener; twilight came on earlier. Conings-by's spirits rose; for the scene for his favourite amusement, his gun, was approaching. Adelinde loved this gentle splendor better than the broad glare of a fuller effulgence. She saw the bloom of her flowers depart; and the first leaves of her young plantations fall: but she sighed not; or the sigh was that of ineffable softness. The very flowers and leaves were now associated with recollections; not indeed of events, but of some favourite subject of her reading; some delightful train of sentiment; some luxurious mental vision. The activity of her mind; the intensity of her reading, had made the few last

short months equal in power almost to age.

Two or three small inclosures lay on the side of the little eminence, on which the Chapel was situated. Beyond them came the heath, that descended into a dingle covered with brushwood and dwarf trees. The singular clearness of a morning in the first week of September, the commencing change in the tints of the foliage, struck her with so much novelty in this little scene, that she felt tempted to explore it.

She had scarcely reached one edge of this dingle, when she was alarmed by the discharge of a gun on the other side. She calmed herself by the thought that it might be her father pursuing game. She had

hardly gained ten steps in her path home, when a young man came round the corner, of a figure utterly unlike the air and dress of the inhabitants of the country.

He started back; and then advancing, passed her with a bow of politeness, to which she had been utterly unused. Each, after having passed, stopped involuntarily to look back with wonder.

Adelinde with senses all acute, still sharpened by the novelty of the occurrence, received the impression of the stranger's looks in the liveliest manner. He had a fine countenance, uniting youth, manliness, and intelligence. The unexpected sight of Adelinde; her beauty; the singular variety of her features; all in a blaze of feeling,

had the effect of a charm upon him; — of some fairy vision!

Adelinde, animated, fluttered, musing, guessing, reasoning, found herself on the threshold of her house, almost before she was aware of it. She retired to her apartment; and after an hour's confused meditation, she sunk upon her chair; and fell into tears. Her spirits had been exhausted: the calm tenor of her ideas was disturbed.

Coningsby came home to a late dinner. He had been employed the whole day in shooting, and returned loaded with game, the successful spoils of his amusement. Exercise, and a favourite occupation, had given him spirits. He talked much; and Adelinde was anxious to lead to something that

might give a clue to this young man. But, as often as she began it, unaccountable fear restrained her from pursuing the subject. She did not dare even ask if young Englishmen ever come into their neighbourhood in the season, on shooting excursions.

Coningsby did not much love the English: he accidentally railed against them this evening with a great deal of coarse volubility. He spoke in particular of the superiority of Irish beauty. Adelinde, if the person she had seen in the morning was an Englishman (and she felt sure that he was), could not agree with him, in heart. Adelinde was herself, *maternally*, entirely English on her father's side, principally Irish; but intermixed with

many English marriages at different but distant periods. It may appear trifling to certain classes of readers to say, that, in addition to her other various acquired knowlege, Adelinde was an excellent genealogist. It sprung in her perhaps, as it has done in some others, from her immediate descent from what is most illustrious in British ancestry.

Adelinde spent the greater part of the next-day in her little Chapel, surrounded by her inscriptions, her flowers, and her plants. Her mind was busy: it was, indeed, too full to vent itself in words. Shapes passed her in rapid confusion, like the clouds driven before the wind on a day of alternate sunshine. They took every form; and every hue, bright and gloomy. But before she

had obtained a distinct impression of them, they were gone.

Her eyes wandered: she heard footsteps; but she saw not the Stranger's figure again on the heath. Another late dinner was the result of the season. As the dusk came on, she was gazing through the window at the last glimpse of the sun, when there glided along the footway of the heath, that crossed the front of the house, something like the Stranger's figure. She ran to the window, but it was seen no more. She sunk into the deepest reveries for the rest of the evening; but took a book, that her father might not observe her thoughtfulness.

She rose with the dawn of the next day. When breakfast was over,

she resorted as usual to her Chapel. She looked around her: the stool she usually sat on, was not where she had left it: the little table also was moved to a different spot: a piece of folded paper was inserted in the division of its leaf, as if to secure it from being blown off by the wind. She siezed it with curiosity. It contained the following lines, written distinctly in pencil.

To whom it may concern.

Was it a vision? Or did I in truth
Behold an heavenly visitant? These wilds
Could ne'er have nurtured such a form as this.
It comes upon me like the memory
Of a past dream: it cannot be of earth!
Its shrine perhaps is here: it breathes its spells;
And trills it music mid these holy walls;
And holding converse with its native skies,
Draws blessings on this savage solitude.

And yet it has Earth's loveliest charms of shape:
It beams with radiant beauty; and it moves
Nymphlike, and airy; and with melting grace.
If then thou be'st of Earth, Thou Form of Love,
Be mine to worship at thy feet, and catch
A spark of those celestial rays Thou beam'st!

Though Adelinde was not vain, this was the happiest moment of her life. She read these lines over dan over again; a delirium ran across her mind; and through her whole frame. Enchantments were around her, the music of the birds trilled with more piercing melody; and the flowers and plants displayed more brilliant colours.

There was then a person of her own age, of a cultivated mind, who felt interested about her! Perhaps he came from England: perhaps

He was a man of the rank, to which she ought to belong! He had deigned to notice her: to notice her simple and rude occupations; not with scorn; nay, with pleasure and praise! She experienced a feeling of self-exaltation, that had hitherto been an utter stranger to her!

Hours passed away in this delicious train of musing. The working of her spirits at length exhausted her; and she fell asleep. She woke: a distant sound of music seemed to rouse her: it died upon the air: she listened: it had ceased. A breeze floated towards her; and she thought she heard the notes again. A few mellow tones then swell'd upon the passing gale; and were heard no more.

Adelinde regretted the hour, that

summoned her to dinner. Her eyes had been all the morning continually turned to the dingle till they ached. Sometimes she thought she heard footsteps approaching the Chapel: but it was only the fall of a leaf; or the flutter of a bird. Her heart palpitated, as if it would burst; and she endeavoured to decide, how she should address this stranger.

The stranger came not; but she dreamed at night, that she heard music under her windows.

In the morning she retired, as usual, to her Chapel: but she was restless; and thought her spirits would be relieved by a ramble upon the heath. She had wandered nearly a mile from the house, when, stretched on a sunny bank, his gun

by his side, his dogs at his feet, lay the figure of the stranger, apparently half-asleep.

He heard her steps, and started up. She turned back. In her fright she dropped a book, that she had in her hand, without perceiving it. The Stranger picked it up; and followed her with it. She heard his tread behind her: she turned round. He bowed with a respectful and somewhat agitated grace, and presented to her the volume. She thanked him. « You owe me thanks, indeed; Miss Coningsby; » said he: « I part with that, which I set an high value upon! » Adelinde's face was red as scarlet; but she could not find a syllable to utter. He went on: « I should have been delighted,

to have borne it away, as a relic.» -- « A relic, -- of what, Sir? » she answered. He smiled -- « Of a certain neighbouring Chapel, where such spells abound! » --

Adelinde at this moment was ready to sink into the earth. Timid, modest, unaccustomed to such an address; fluttered; embarrassed; doubtful of impropriety; conscious of awkwardness; anxious to appear well; overcome with the elegance and comparative ease of the address of a man of the world; yet above all, delighted: prepared to think favourably of this stranger; and struck, at this interview, with a fulfilment of the picture her fancy had delineated, she lost in the chaos of her ideas and feelings all self-posession.

The stranger perceived her embarrassment : it communicated itself to him. He walked for some minutes silently by her side. The heath was rough : her tottering legs would scarcely carry her. The stranger offered his arm : she hesitated. « You are alarmed, Miss Coningsby ! » he said. « I am a stranger in person ; but not perhaps in name. That name may not be unrecognized by you, though it is more than probable, it would be received with prejudice by your father. I am the son of Lord Grandchester. »

Adelinde gave a half scream : and then looking up, and smiling softly through the liquid light of a suppressed tear, she said : Do I indeed behold an English relation

of my mother?» He pressed her hand; and kissed it, as he now thought himself entitled to do «In the period, that has elapsed, since I saw you before, » said he, I would, as soon as I learned your name, have taken myself away, if I could; because, I confess, your father's domains are not such as I could quietly trespass upon. But a spell has been upon me: a chain is round me, that I cannot break! » — « We have no spells, or chains, here: » Adelinde answered with a smile. » Both in abundance! » he replied: « do you think, I am not familiar with the Chapel? » — « But is that fair? » said Adelinde: « there you are indeed a trespasser! » — « A trespasser » he cried earnestly; « against one, who has softness

and forgiveness in her nature! a trespasser against one, whose attractions afford the excuse for being drawn within the blaze of her light! from whom one would be as unwilling, as unable to escape!»

Adelinde, utterly unused to this sort of language, was overcome. She heard this flattery, expressed as it was in a tone of sincerity and passion, with a confused mixture of delight, and doubt whether she ought to listen to it. She had a thousand questions to ask the stranger, whom, if the eldest son of the earl of Grandchester, she ought to recognize under the title of Lord Drayton; but she had not the courage. He must know all her English connections: he was himself not distantly related to her.

They walked on : Adelinde's arm leaned gently, and reluctantly, on his. They were close to the little shrubbery, that environs the house, before they were aware of it. Adelinde trembled : Lord Drayton turned pale. « I must not go on, » said he : « I would not encounter your father ! » — Adelinde endeavoured to hide the tumult of heart she felt. He took her hand : the book was in it : « I must yet, » said he, « carry away this book, as a relic ! » « Oh, you must not indeed » exclaimed she : — « not for worlds ! it has an hundred of my nonsensical pencil marks in it. « I shall, of course, like it the better for that ! » he answered. He endeavoured gently to wrest it from her : but she held it fast. He unclasped

her delicate fingers : she could hold it no longer : she burst into tears. He almost relented, but he could not part with his treasure : he tried to soothe her. She prayed. He promised to restore it to her, if she would meet him on the Heath the following morning.

A gun was discharged on the opposite side of the shrubbery. It was the signal of her father's return. She burst away; and was out of Lord Drayton's sight in an instant. The book remained a spoil in his hands. For a few moments he stood motionless. Such a tumult of ideas and emotions assailed him at once that he seemed as if his senses were gone. The beauty of Adelinde, the simplicity of her manner, the proofs he had had of her genius, the character gi-

ven by the peasantry of her temper and disposition, the knowlege of her history, all filled him with love, admiration, and astonishment.

He had taken up his temporary abode at a miserable Inn at a village, four or five miles distant: and now hastened thither, as fast as his exhausted strength would carry him. He could not think: his spirits were as flighty, as in the delirium of a fever. He had come on a shooting excursion to Ireland, merely to try the effect of exercise, different air and new scenery, on a mind to which the insipidities of fashionable life were revolting.

He did not open the relic he had borne away, till he got to his abode, because it contained several pieces of loose paper, which he was afraid of dropping.

It was a copy of the poems of Collins. It was full of pencil notes, that exhibited her taste; her enthusiasm for poetry, and her admiration of the particular author. The largest paper contained the following Poetical Fragment.

ODE.

On Dante.

1.

What constitutes the Poet? Not the trick
Of rhyme, nor yet th'array
Of imagery, as thick
As heaven star-cluster'd, nor the play
Of skilful words, that dance in coruscation gay.

2.

But the deep, solemn, elevated, thought,
That scorns the ornament
Of language, and is wrought
By high enthusiasm, bent
On dreams, that bound beyond this earthly Orb's extent.

3.

In nakedness of majesty it throwe
Its awe-inspiring charm
On Him, whose bosom glowe
With sympathetic grandeur warm,
While groups of human life retreating take th' alarm!

4.

Such once was DANTE, whose up-lifted soul,
Borne on immortal wings,
The stream of Song could roll
Exhaustless from etherial springs,
That yet through countless tracts of years its echo rings.

5.

Placed amid mortal frailties, in the moil
Of Noise, and Vice, and Fraud,
And low-born Cares, and Toil
To treasure up, what fools applaud,
Accursed, blood-stain'd Gold, which is the Bane
Man's God:

7.

Amid Ingratitude's heart-rending scorn,
And faithless Friendship's vows;
And Smiles, of Insult born,
And Cares, that meekest spirits rouse;
And Jealousy, whose hate no rival claim allows.

and without the smallest intermixture of any motive of personal advancement, would probably put him among the undisputed leaders of whatever he undertook.

But perhaps it was among his faults, as far as practical business is concerned, that his fancy was so vivid. He had also a sensibility exceedingly dangerous to his peace. He was a great admirer of female beauty: and he had formed momentary attachments; but they had all disappointed him: he had yet met with no congeniality of thought, and temper, and character.

Such was the man, who was now thrown in the way of Adelinde Coningsby. He had not sought her out: when he came hither, he knew not that it was in Coningsby's neigh-

bourhood. He had too strong a prejudice against Coningsby's character to seek out an interview with him. Of Adelinde he had never heard more, than of her birth, till his occasional conversations with the peasantry in the proximity of her abode.

How impatient he was for the next day, may be imagined by those, who are capable of estimating such a character.

Adelinde had passed the evening and the night in a state of extreme perturbation. Lord Drayton's person; his manners; his topics of praise, were all such as made a rapid access to her heart. But she had not lost her sense of delicacy; and duty; and self-recollection. It was a momentary acquaintance;

it was stolen : it was without introduction : she had only the stranger's word, that he was Lord Drayton. But if he was Lord Drayton ; — and she could not really doubt it, — could he be serious in his attentions to her ? Would he desert the fine ladies of the Bristish Court, for an awkward recluse of the savage wilds of Ireland ?

Coningsby was up with the dawn of the morning ; and departed for his usual sport. Adelinde was on the Heath almost before the sun had dispersed the dews. When the emotions of the heart are in an high degree of liveliness, the fresh and « incense - breathing » air of the young Day ; a clear and serene Autumnal sky ; even the yellow and decaying verdure of the stunted

heath-vegetation, convey to the human frame, that is happily attuned, an indescribable sense of pleasure in existence. Adelinde seemed to walk, as if among the clouds; yet with trembling steps.

She grew pale by fits; her courage failed her; the tears came into her eyes. Her heart beat: she could not see: « Oh! » said she to herself; « for the quiet of bosom, that I possessed a week ago! » A figure was seen at a distance advancing over the rise of the heath: it came nearer: a gun was in his hand: two dogs scampered before him: — it was Lord Drayton!

He approached: the Book was in his hand: he held it forward: « You see » he cried, « I perform my promise, Miss Coningsby! — but will

you permit me to keep this treasure?» — Do not distress me so : I intreat you, Lord Drayton ! » she answered : « do not keep a record of my nonsense. ! » If it was nonsense, Miss Coningsby, I would not keep a record of it ! But it is your writing ; and that alone is a security, that it is not nonsense. « Lord Drayton » she replied, with a look something between an arch smile, and a blush of angry distress. » You must lay aside your fashionable flattery, when you come into these tramontane regions ! « — « I never, » he said, « was a flatterer, Miss Coningsby ! Here it would be worse than useless ! » He looked in her face : she saw, that his soul was bursting from his eyes : there was a flame in them, from which she turned, as from an over-dazzling

fire ! He offered the book : she put forth her white hand tremblingly : he kissed it with devotion : she withdrew it in an agony. « Keep the book then, » she said almost indistinctly; and forgive its nonsence ! »

Lord Drayton put the precious volume, within his waistoat next his bosom; and for a few moments was silent.

The silence increased Adelinde's distress : she resolved to exert herself to break it. « Now, Lord Drayton, » she said, « I am entitled to ask a favour of you ! I long to hear about my relations in England ! Do you know my aunt, Lady Jane Falconer ? » — « I am well acquainted with her; » he answered, « she is an admirable worman, worthy to be your Aunt ! She has talents;

accomplishments; disposition; and has not even lost her beauty: but early in life she was disappointed; and you know, that she has refused every future offer of marriage. I will not say, that she has not an occasional glance of the same expression. But who can be like you? Who ever had half the beauty you are gifted with?» 'Who» — Adelinde interrupted him — «Spare me, Lord Drayton! I fear you take me for an ideot of the woods, that you may flatter; and then laugh at!» — «Laugh at Miss Coningsby!» said he earnestly «I am not of the laughing sort! but, if I were, I could not laugh at an Angel!» — «Lord Drayton, forgive me for intreating you to consider me as a rational being; not as a silly girl,

for whom no compliments can be too high-flown! This solitude has taught me to be jealous of flattery; and pleased only with kindness!»

Lord Drayton was somewhat confounded by these words: he knew how little flattery was meant by his expressions: how much in earnest he was; and how entirely his feelings equalled the warmth of his language. Never was any thing so charming as Adelinde. The variety of passionate or delightful feelings, that she had experienced in this interview, had still given new animation to her speaking countenance; the delicacy of her complexion; the soft tints of her light brown hair; the symmetry of her form; the tender tones of her voice; all pierced the enthusiastic soul of

this lover. He knew not how to convey to her the admiration with which he was struck. He felt awe! He would have pressed her to his bosom, if he had dared: he would have fallen at her feet. But there was a divinity about her, that repressed liberties; and told him, they would be ungenerous and unmanly insults!

A longer continuance of this interview at present might endanger their future meeting. Both were almost instinctively convinced of this without naming it to each other. Had Coningsby know that Lord Drayton was sojourning in this neighbourhood, his person would not have been safe: such was the inveteracy of Coningsby's hatred to the very name of Drayton.

Lord Drayton now
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Lord Drayton,
a warm temperament
dency to love,
no woman
he notions
found in Adelaide
his vision,
enthusiasm of
all his senses.

There was
a mind

very history of Adelinde's misfortunes; the contrast between her secluded, humble life, and her illustrious descent; the manner, in which she had overcome discouragement and difficulty in cultivating her brilliant and pathetic genius; the very opposition to the character of that father, whom he dreaded, all added force and fury to the fire, that was devouring him.

He was singular, eccentric; whimsically delicate; repelled, when there appeared no cause; often mortified, even where flattery was intended; disgusted, when women thought most to please him; offended at their silence, when they deemed it most affecting; and rendered mute by their conversation, when they believed it most encouraging.

In Adelinde both her silence, and the few words she occasionally spoke, were exactly those, that kept up the charm, the fancy, and the passion. It was over-ruling Nature: not a syllable of artifice: an heart highly accomplished; exquisitaly virtuous; yet in motion with the most trembling sensibility of the most exalted affections.

Lord Drayton had always had his great talents at the mercy of his feelings. He was cast in a mould fitted only for extraordinary occasions. The world could not go on, were the generality of its characters so formed. He had read history, and ethics, and philosophy, to encourage this romantic energy. A master of particular history; a most extensive and profound bio-

grapher, he was familiar with all the examples of generous adventure and devoted ambition, that the annals of mankind afford. His own extraordinarily splendid descent augmented the interest he took in these examples: of the eminent men, whose memoirs compose works of General Biography he was descended from so great a number, as would of themselves have filled several volumes.

This added to his inclination to detach himself from all ordinary society. He could not endure common-place occupations; or common-common-place modes of thinking. When he was forced into ordinary society, he made no figure: he was even deemed a dull fellow: but he bore this stigma with silent and indignant scorn.

He believed, that the visible world forms only half of the state of existence, in which we are placed. He associated every thing material with something intellectual; with thought; or sentiment; or Spirit. This gave him the very essence of the desires and the powers of a Poet. It is in this, that the charm of Poetry consists: if it wants this, whatever name it may assume, it is not Poetry.

There are a few families of the same roll in England, as Lord Drayton; Historical Families. But they are very few. Its effect upon those, who partake of this blood, only shews itself in those of particular intellectual and moral qualities. It is lost upon talents and sensibilities hard, or dull.

Lord Drayton was alone, in a vile auberge. He had leisure and space enough for the full indulgence of his imagination. Adelinde's form was always before his eyes; and her tender voice was always vibrating on his ears.

The next day he did not venture into the neighbourhood of Belville, till the dusk was coming on. He then wandered round and round the house; and persuaded himself that every form, that glided across a window, was Adelinde's.

When fatigued, he retired to the Chapel; and imagined himself conversing with her image. He was in the midst of her creations; her soul was there: the inscriptions, that adorned the walls, bespoke her genius, and her tenderness. He

sat in her chair; his weariness of body and of spirits overcame him; and he fell asleep. A dream came to him. He imagined that he had half persuaded Adelinde to yeild to his suit; she withdrew not her yet reluctant hand, when Coningsby rushed in; and drove a dagger through his heart. Adelinde seized the fatal instrument; she snatched it from his bosom; the blood gushed forth: the alarm convulsed him: and he waked.

The horror of this dream drove him from the Chapel. He again hovered round the house. From behind a little clump of shrubs, not remote from a chamber-window, that, as he saw a light, he supposed to be hers, he endeavoured to attract her at-

tention by a few lines of a Song, that occurred to him; and which, as he was musical and had an harmonious, though not strong voice, he uttered in a gentle, dying, tone. The evening was still; the slight breeze, that guided the current of the air, bore it direct to Adelinde's window. She had sat poring over a book in the further corner of the room: she listened: she caught some of the words: she could not doubt from whom they proceeded. For the first moment surprize, trembling, delight came over her: then terror lest her father should hear. She went to the window; she saw nothing: all was silent: the very air had ceased to murmur. She would have moved up the sash, if she had dared. Coningsby heard a footstep

he threw up the parlour window; and demanded, who was there? No reply was made. He fired off a musket. Adelinde heard it; and fainted.

When she recovered, the figure of Lord Drayton was alone present to her thoughts. She opened her window: the want of air, alone, rendered this necessary. She gasped for breath; the fresh current of the wind would have recovered her, but for her agitation. Every human voice was still as in death.

The inextinguishable fear came over her, that Lord Drayton had been wounded, and perhaps killed. The pain of suspence exceeded any other dread. She stole from her room, descended lightly the back stairs; passed though the garden-door; and with trembling steps ap-

proached the clump of shrubs, whence she had heard the voice.

The moon now began to shew spots of her silver orb moving majestically along through the transparent clouds. The tallest shrubs cast their shade cross the little mown grass-plat, that extended towards the house. Beyond the tall dark line that some of the trees threw upon this grass, Adelinde thought she saw the shadow of something like the human form. She paused : her courage forsook her : she was turning back. The figure came forward : it was Lord Drayton!

He advanced respectfully ; the moon was now full on Adelinde's face, which was paler than the silver ray that shone upon it. « Miss Coningsby » said Lord Drayton,

« forgive this intrusion ! » — « You are safe then ! » she answered : « and I do forgive it ! But I come at the most frightful risk to us both, to intreat you will run no such hazards, such useless hazards any more ? » — « Are they indeed useless, Miss Coningsby ? » he replied mournfully. « We must not prolong the time in disputes, my Lord ! » she said in a low tone : « I intreat you for both our sakes go, while you are safe ! » — « Meet me then to morrow morning at ten in the Chapel ! » — « Indeed, I cannot ! » — « Next day then at the same hour ! » — « Yes ; next day ! » almost breathless with fright ; « any thing, if you will but go ! » — « I go, Miss Coningsby, to count the moments, till that happy one arrives ! » —

Adelinde's senses now almost deserted her; she scarcely recollected where she was, till she found herself again safe in her own apartment. She threw herself into a chair to endeavour to calm her tumults. Her bosom beat: visions swam before her: the tumults would not subside. She wept; she even prayed. Yet she could not conceal from herself that there was a great mixture of happiness in these agitations. Buried as she was in such deep and remote solitude, to have such an Englishman fall in her way; a man so nobly allied; of such a character; of a person so interesting; and, so utterly beyond the hopes her modest self-opinion could have indulged, so apparently pleased with her! This was enchantment!

She attempted to recall all her prudence; all that sagacity with which in theory her mind was so amply furnished. She recollected, that as she had never seen another gentleman of her own age and station in society, she had not the means of comparison to assist her judgement: and Lord Drayton might be, after all, a dissolute young man, disguising his views under the colour of passion.

These suspicions neither the charm that had already engaged her feelings, nor even the native generosity of her heart, would long permit her to entertain. She persuaded herself that there was a sincerity and fervor in Lord Drayton's manner, that could not be put on.

She did not dare examine distinct-

Adelinde now hastened to the Chapel, that was to morrow to be consecrated by the promised interview.

The sun was not only clear, but brilliant: the dews were not yet entirely absorded: the rays gave the globular particles, that still adhered to the vegetation, the appearance of transparent diamonds. There was a genial and refreshing warmth, but not a degree of fatiguing heat in the brightness.

Adelinde entered the Chapel: it breathed a solemn stillness. She looked around at the work of her hands, and the effusions of her mind; and shrunk from the exhibition. A diffidence, that no genius could efface, seemed to whisper to her a fear that these trifles might lessen

her in the estimation of Lord Drayton. She dared not take them down: it would give the place a despoiled appearance.

The hours she passed here were quite unlike any she had hitherto experienced in this spot. She was no longer the mistress of the current of her thoughts: she could not detach her spirit to soar into the air, as she desired: the mind did not so entirely predominate: and the impressions were indistinct and transient from the conflict of uncongenial ideas.

As the time lingered on, the westering course of the sun was hailed by her with anxiety. The well-known tongue of one of her father's spaniels, and a sort of cheering hallow of Coningsby's loud voice,

so familiar to her, preluded his approaching return. She was half glad, and half trembled at this summons. Her father's presence had indeed the effect of a kind of restraint she had never hitherto felt before him: but it was now the signal of the close of day; and she sighed for the coming of the following morning, though her wishes were mingled with extreme alarm.

Coningsby was in one of those moody humours at dinner, to which she was not unused; but which made her tremble on the present occasion far beyond its former effects upon her. He took his wine with extraordinary eagerness; and talked both with impetuosity of manner, and violence of opinion. His conversation was mainly an invective against

the English, confirmed by a thousand degrading stories of English families, which, something in Adelinde's nature told her, could not all be true. Adelinde felt her English blood rise against these sarcasms: but respect for her father suppressed her voice.

Every moment she expected to hear someting said about the House of Lord Drayton: the name however did not occur. She was not sure that some of the allusions were not pointed to it: but, purposely or accidentally, they were dark and uncertain. She knew too well, that few families existed, that Coningsby hated more than Lord Drayton's! — She did not know all the reasons: some of them were involved in that marriage, that gave her birth: a

marriage, of which many of the incidents had been in necessary delicacy concealed from her. The divorce, and the action for damages, had been pursued with a good deal of violence: and Lord Granchester had been blamed as taking an active part in this business. Nothing can excuse female infidelity; and the sad act by which Adelinde's mother lost her first husband, eclipsed all her charms and virtues. Yet she had in truth, but for this fatal act, been admirable: and perhaps a little softening of the rigorous mode might have been desired, if not deserved. Her heart was broken: she never lived to fondle the angelic creature, whom she brought into life. Coningsby was not worthy of her; but he adored her. It

was the indelicate conduct used towards her, that was the poisonous dagger never to be eradicated from his bosom, and feeding there gangrenous humours of hatred and revenge.

In the course of the evening the tears were not unfrequently in Adelinde's eyes: she imagined that her father watched them with angry suspicion. She took up a book to conceal them; and hoped that he might suppose the interest of the tale she was reading caused them.

When, after another night, the appointed interview at last came, Adelinde dragged her trembling steps with difficulty to the Chapel. She listened as she turned each corner of the shrubbery; and looked round her; but a mist was before

her eyes. The day, unlike the last, was dark; and there was a sort of hollow stillness, that made the fall of every rustling leaf be heard. She paused: she looked earnestly at some of these leaves, as they gently undulated in their fall to the ground, and she thought she felt a presage that she should never witness another season of these Autumnal appearances. Her heart seemed to say to them: « Ye dear companions of my innocent childhood; ye children, that have been fostered by my hand! Ye leaves, that, spring after spring, I have seen with unmingled delight burst into beautiful form; and then in a few short months decay, as you now do, to expand again into verdant life in the following season! ano-

ther return of the young year, and you will bud, and swell, and open your green fibres, as usual: but I, perhaps, shall hail your coming no more! These trembling feeble limbs will rest beneath the cold turf: and this now tumultuous bosom, that yet has beat only for innocent joy, will be still, and silent in the grave!» —

«She could go no farther: a small bench was under a favourite shrub: she sat down upon it. She leaned her forehead against the tree: her handkerchief was before her eyes. The tears flowed even down upon her bosom. Lord Drayton had come from the Chapel in his impatience to meet her arrival: he caught at a distance a glimpse of her figure. He sprang towards her; and in a

moment was at her feet. She was so utterly lost in her own reflections, that she scarcely heard him approach. He had almost seized her hand, before she perceived him. She withdrew her handkerchief; the tears yet overflowed her eyes. He cried anxiously: « What means this distress, Miss Coningsby! » — « I scarcely know; » she answered: « I have endeavoured to keep my word; and I find I am too weak for it! » — « How! why! » he asked in a tone hurried and alarmed, « I can scarcely tell! » she said faintly; « but am I not doing wrong? » She paused: Lord Drayton gazed upon her; but could not speak: she caught his looks: a blush suffused her beautiful cheeks: a soft radiance beamed faintly from her eyes:

she made an effort, and continued : « it is certaintly wrong, — this stolen interview; even you must disrespect, and perhaps despise me for it! « She endeavoured to rise : « Let me return, Lord Drayton ! I have kept my promise ; and now release me ! » Lord Drayton held her hand : « Miss Coningsby, » exclaimed he ; » the Chapel is the appointed place : I hold you strictly to your engagement ! » — He took her arm under his ; and they entered the Chapel together. As her last step passed over the humble door she had placed there, a hollow murmur seemed to her to run along the leaves. It was day ; and no bright luminaries were there : but the exquisite line of Pope in Eloisa occurred to her :

« The shrines all trembled ; and the lamps grew pale ! »

She took her accustomed seat: there was a stool; that Lord Drayton occupied near her. « Miss Coningsby, » said he in a solemn and earnest, but low tone, « our acquaintance is certainly very recent: but our knowlege of each other's alliances and history is not so. I come therefore to intreat that the continuance of this acquaintance may be cultivated: and to express to you the devotion that I sincerely feel to attractions, such as I have never met with in the gay world that I have left! » --

Adelinde was utterly confounded by this sudden and unqualified declaration. Unacquainted with the modes of the world; guarded by her modesty; silenced by the multitude of her feelings, she wanted

the power and the self-possession to make any answer. She sighed. Lord Drayton repeated something to the same effect. « Lord Drayton ! » she then said : « birth and alliances may not have removed me at a distance from you : accident has. I have reconciled myself to my fate. Do not disturb my peace, and self-satisfaction ! » — « Loveliest of Beings ! » he answered : forgive me for the freedom — loveliest of Beings ! how am I to undertand you ? Does it imply a suspicion of me : a rejection of me : or what does it mean ? » She grew pale ; and then coloured ; and at last smiled. « Think, » she said, » of my situation ; the habits of my destiny ; the character of my father ; the history of his seclusion ! and then ask yourself ! » —

What do the Inscriptions of these walls teach me? » cried he « Perhaps to smile at my childish folly! » she replied. — He looked up to her with earnest and bursting admiration; and fervidly exclaimed: « To deem you an emanation from Heaven! » —

She rose: a tear trickled down her cheek: « Indeed » she cried in a faint voice; « I must not bear this! It is » — he interrupted her — « the sincerity » he continued, « I should scorn to stain; the truth I should hate myself for breaking! » — Adelinde's distress increased: she said in a low but dignified voice: « Lord Drayton, I once more intreat you to have done with this flattery; or I must really go! » — She rose. He lifted his hand to

hold her : its burning heat alarmed her. She looked; and a stream of blood was flowing from his wrist. She screamed : he observed the cause ; and assured her it was only a slight injury , which the sudden elevation of his arm had burst open again. He had torn it in clambering over a fence the other night.

He endeavoured to adjust the bandage, but was unable. Adelinde, half fainting with terror, offered to assist him. The coat-sleeve was gently withdrawn from the arm; the wrist-band was unloosed; the bandage was tenderly applied. The gentle touch of Adelinde's white fingers was an ample recompence for his pain. He drank delirium at every anxious look she cast; and every tremulous care with which she en-

deavoured to fasten the bandage without disturbing the wound. His sighs affected her; she would, if she had dared, have returned them.

Alas! the spell was now twined around both of them. But Adelinde knew her duty; and resolved to go, in defiance of this chain. Lord Drayton insisted, as the condition, that they should meet again. « That must be left to chance! » said Adelinde, sighing: « I make no more appointments! » —

Adelinde was luckily in the house before her father: but she had not been there ten minutes before he returned. He enquired for his daughter; and was told she was in her chamber: he heard her footsteps above stairs, and was satisfied. It was fortunate: her spirits were in

a state of perturbation not at all fit to encounter an interview with Coningsby. Her whole countenance betrayed the extreme conflict of feelings she had undergone.

She was already fully sensible of the blessing of that pure and peaceful state of mind, that had fled from her since the arrival of Lord Drayton. Her garden; her books; her poetry became insipid. Her father's presence created constant uneasiness; she shook at every noise; she listened for every voice; she dreaded the course her father's conversations might take; she anticipated with affright his rencontre of any stranger in his morning perambulations; she trembled to hear the events of his morning amusements.

But painful as this change was,

she would not have been rid of it, if she could. Lord Drayton's apparent qualities, and disposition of mind, his manner, his person; the strong predilection he discovered for her, all contributed, to make her heart consider him a treasure she could not part with, even in return for her former ease and happiness.

Yet in what an inextricable labyrinth of difficulties did she foresee that she should be placed. Whenever she turned her thoughts upon them, they filled her with despair; and she was forced to divert her fancy from them by those mental delusions that the richness of her intellectual powers put so much at her command.

Her anxiety lest the wound in Lord Drayton's wrist, that she had

so carefully bound up, should bleed afresh, and cause some serious injury to his health, inflamed the desire of another early interview, that she might witness his recovery. Three long days passed in the greatest anxiety. Lord Drayton had in truth been ill: and for two of these days was confined to his bed at the auberge, from exhausture of body and of mind.

He saw the difficulties that both had to encounter, nearly in the same light as Adelinde beheld them in. Family obstacles on all sides: parents to contend with: fortune: Coningsby's prejudices; his fierce passions; his character. Lord Granchester's abhorrence of Coningsby; his unconquerable desire of alliances, that would do his chil dren ho-

nour in the fashionable world; his prudential desire for at least some fortune, that might aid in the disentanglement of his encumbered estate; his unfeigned belief, proved by his choosing it as a common topic of discussion, that a secluded education always rendered women utterly unfit to encounter the dangers of life -- all these recollections seemed to throw clouds of despair on the only prospects that could now satisfy the heart of Lord Drayton.

He was not obstinate; but Nature had formed the traits of his mind into such decided shapes and colours, that accident, habits, education, example, could not change it. His father was not a bad man; but he was of a more commonplace cast; and he dreaded his son's eccentricities.

Lord Drayton had energies; for which the insipid coarse of fashionable life afforded no play. He was now three and twenty; and he had attended one session of Parliament, as Representative for a Borough in his father's interest. But he had not sat in the senate a week, before he found it an arena little suited to his taste. He observed with astonishment the time and even attention occupied by hard, vulgar, illiterate men, whose mere insensible audacity alone could have made them persevere.

The experience of this session had driven him to his present excursion. He deemed that he required the wildness of Nature to refresh his deadened ideas. He was disgusted; languished; ennuied. He hoped that

the scenes of the Creation little defiled by Art, that Man, even in his savage state, might be found less dull and destructive of all energies, than those with which he had lately been familiar.

But when he found Adelinde in these wilds; when he met with a girl more beautiful than his fancy had ever painted, and more accomplished and delicate than his hopes had ever devised, it strongly confirmed the propensities of opinion to which he was addicted. He was prepared with a reserve of enthusiasm, that had long been feeding secretly in his bosom for want of a deserving object.

In these two days of suffering debility, which the feverish state of his mind contributed to augment,

the form of Adelinde was never for a moment absent from his eyes. His idolatrous love could scarcely make her appear more fair than she was. Her very naïvete; her perfect freedom even from the least of the artifices that must attend fashionable society, still gave new force to the interest she excited.

Lord Drayton now vainly puzzled his head to digest a plan by which he might be formally acknowleged as an admirer of Adelinde. He could not yet persuade himself to encounter Coningsby. He had heard much of him, before he left England: he was confirmed by the natives in the conviction that he was an unmanageable man. He was rather dreaded, than respected.

Lord Granchester was a man,

whom his son knew it would be impossible to persuade to give his consent to a marriage with any one so situated as Adelinde. He could not be brought to beleive, that virtue, if virtue it was, so brought up, and accustomed to such exclusion, could resist the trials of courts and society. He partook of no part of his son's fancy and enthusiasm; but yet was in many respects an humourist: and a fugitive from the world. Naturally acute; with quickness of intellect, rather than genius, he took a bitter and forbidding view of the human character: he deemed perpetual caution and incessant regard to the sort of strength that the world prizes, necessary to preserve respect, and such command as his pride could

not forego. He had also fixed his hopes on an alliance, that would have been convenient in point of fortune as well as rank. Lord Drayton was therefore sure that to mention his present attachment to him, was to bring on himself an order to abandon it under threats that he had not the rashness to encounter.

Coningsby would have been equally inflexible. His passions always over-ruled his interest, or his reason. He would have prefered seeing his daughter in lonely and suffering poverty, or even in the coffin, to beholding her Countess of Granchester.

Love burns not the less fiercely from the obstacles it meets with. On the contrary, these obstacles almost always fan the flame. Lord

Drayton felt it so. His attachment grew stronger with every passing hour; and all his senses were bent upon the contemplation of Adelinde. He sought out a peasant's hut on the Common that joined Adelinde's residence; and there he took up his quarters. Thence night after night he strolled round the windows of the room, that contained the idol of his soul; and indulged visions allied to madness.

Sometimes the moon threw her silver rays on the glass frames, that lighted the hallowed apartment: and he imagined that he beheld her beautiful form gliding about the room. He was not insensible of the dangers he incurred; but the cause gave a zest to them. Should he fall in the way of Coningsby,

he might expect every violence, if she should not give an account of himself; and far more fury, if he should. There seemed also a sort of treacherous curiosity in the surrounding peasantry, that created some uneasiness in his mind.

He had now passed more than a week without seeing Adelinde; and the anxiety and suspence of his passion became insupportable. He resolved to write her a note; and trust to his ingenuity to get it conveyed to her. He took a pen; and in the smallest hand that could be legible, wrote the following.

« LOVELIEST ADELINDE !

»I am resolved to begin with the liberty of using this beautiful name, on the faith of an acquaintance, though of so late a date, yet equal to a length of years in intenseness and congeniality; — if this last word be not to assume to myself with presumptuous pride, what I ought not to aspire to ! For how dare I to suppose, that I can aspire to congeniality with you ?

« I have watched all the day; and strolled round your house almost half of every night, for a week past; and cannot obtain even a glimpse of you. My impatience is at lenght incontroulable; and De-

spair begins to intermix itself with my sufferings. Will you permit me no interview? Have pity on the agonies I endure! Indulge me with a short meeting, that we may explain ourselves; and that I may have an opportunity of convincing you of the adoration that I feel; and how entirely my happiness depends on your smiles! I shall be at the Chapel at seven to morrow morning; and again at the same hour of the evening!

D.»

LORD Drayton had some difficulty in getting the Note conveyed. He contrived it at last by a bribe; as he thought, happily. Adelinde trem-

bled, when it was put into her hands: she ran to her room; and opened it with eagerness. She could scarcely read it, for the mist that came over her eyes. On the first perusal all was confusion; on the second perusal she was deeply affected; but at the same time delighted. She resolved to be at the Chapel, if possible, at the first of the hours named.

She passed a night of extreme perturbation. Hope, fear, delight; anxiety, were all mingled into a sort of delirium of sensations. When the dawn came, she hailed its advance with eagerness. She saw the streaks of a rosy colour dart through the grey atmosphere. Then the light came in broader beams; and by degrees spread into wide expanses.

Then the whole heaven began to glow; and the dewdrops sparkled upon the heath. She looked out of her window; and beheld the bowery vegetation round her Chapel brilliant and smiling under the new-born rays.

She dressed herself; her watch was on the table; she counted the minutes. The Morning continued to expand into clearer and more benignant beauty. Nature seemed to put on a radiance in sympathy with the exhilaration of her soul.

Her father had not ordered breakfast, till 8 o clock; she had an hour to spare for the meeting. The hour of seven at length arrived: the clock below struck; she counted anxiously every stroke. With a hand trembling; and knees that shook

so they could scarcely support her, she opened her chamber-door, descended the stairs almost breathless, and found herself in the garden walks. She paused; she looked round her: the fragrance of the air, and the serenity of the sky, calmed the beatings of her bosom: she went on. Lord Drayton met her at the threshold of the Chapel.

Polished, delicate, sensible of the embarrassment of her situation; awed by the apparent purity of her heart and character, subdued by the idolatrous nature of his love, he approached her with diffident and flattering respect. « I thank you, Miss Coningsby », said he, « for this compliance with my earnest request! I have been ill; as you may see by my countenance!

This interview is necessary for my peace. » --

Lord Drayton looked very pale : Adelinde was alarmed. The remembrance of his wounded wrist occurred to her. She said hastily : « Do you still feel the effects of that bleeding in your arm ? » -- « Oh no ! » he replied, « the tender hand, that bound it up, had a charm to cure it. The wound is in my heart. If you can extract the arrow that rankles there ; or turn its pain into pleasure ; you will perform a miracle worthy of you ! » Adelinde was overcome : she had not the power to answer this address. A pause of distressing silence ensued : at length she said : « Lord Drayton ; I could not resolve to pay no attention to your note. I

have come therefore to meet you. But yet I do it with great uneasiness: I am afraid, that I am not doing right. I know not how it can contribute to your happiness; or mine. It might have been better, if we had never met; and it may now be better that this sould be the last of our meetings!» — A tear was in her eye, which she struggled to conceal from Lord Drayton. « Sit down, Miss Coningsby!» cried he; and we will endeavour to discuss these matters calmly!»

Scarcely knowing what she did; trembling, and almost fainting, she took her accustomed seat. « I will not conceal from you» said he, « that I am fully sensible, that great difficulties surround both of us! I

am aware of your father's prejudices; and forgive me for saying, the peculiarities of his character. I also have peculiar, and, I may add, unreasonable people to deal with. I cannot therefore be so dishonest as to say, that the accidental interview that brought us acquainted, is free from evils: but I hope that the supereminent blessings it is capable of bringing, at least upon me, may overbalance them! Till I saw you, I knew not the excess of female beauty; or the indescribable charm of female loveliness! Obstacles therefore must not deter me; nor dangers intimidate me! Adelinde blushed; and sighed; and grew pale; and listened; but her lips refused to obey the dictates of her swelling heart.

At length she said in a faultering voice : « I feel grateful to you, Lord Drayton, for the unmerited opinion you express of me; — but » she paused a moment; and then recovered her voice; - « circumstanced as we are, it will be better for us both to part here in friendship; and let me enjoy my solitude, as I used to do ! » — « Will you then indeed » exclaimed he mournfully, « enjoy your solitude, as you used to do, while I am pining with the deepest sorrow and despair for the loss of you ? » — She smiled softly; and as if with an unwilling incredulity. « Are not these idle compliments, my Lord ? » — By all that is holy, they are not ! » he answered. — « Then will not a week's return to London put them

to flight? » — « Fix them still more strongly by the contrast! » he exclaimed earnestly.

A voice was heard at a distance. She looked at her watch: she listened: she thought she heard the name of « Adelinde! » as if her father was calling her. She turned pale; and trembled; and was about to rise. Lord Drayton held her: « You must not go yet! » — Indeed I must! » said she: « it is death to stay! » — « Death! » Lord Drayton exclaimed; « What can this mean? » — « Oh! I know not what I mean! » she said, in the greatest agitation, « my father is violent: and if he sees you in this place someting dreadful may happen! » — He could not detain her; but at the last moment she promi-

sed, if possible, to come to the same spot the following morning; or the following evening, as opportunity might be afforded. As she parted, he clung to her hand, as if they never were to meet again! —His soul was wrung: the agonies of his mind made him half frantic. He felt that his passion was incurable: but a presage came over him, that it would end in storms of terror and misery.

As soon as he became more composed, he withdrew himself from the haunted scenes, where this meeting had taken place. He roamed slowly towards the hut, that was his abode. On the heath a rude-looking fellow, attended by two sporting dogs, crossed him. There was a look of curiosity about this man, that made him uneasy.

The comfortless apartment, that necessity had forced him to resort to, was not recommended by the state of his feelings. He could not think on Adelinde without rapture: but he could not think of the obstacles to the obtainment of her without a great mixture of despair. Her person became every moment more lovely in his eyes; and her disposition and sense still more striking. But his ingenuity could devise no mode of effecting a marriage with her, but secretly: and to that he neither beleived that she would consent; nor would willingly recur himself, considering the numerous disadvantages it might bring upon his future prospects.

He was sometimes inclined to go to England; and endeavour by per-

sonal persuasion and argument to convince his father of the treasure he had found. But the hopelessness of the attempt; and the dread of separation from the charm, that held him in his present abode, deterred him.

In the delirium of his passion all those parts of his great intellectual powers most connected with reason were subdued. The hues of his brilliant fancy were still more deeply coloured by the new tenderness of his heart. All appeared to him with the confusion of splendor and clouds, and joy and grief, and images suddenly glancing and then as suddenty lost; and music for a moment floating on theair, and dying away again such as occurs in a feverish dream. By fits, he walked,

and ran, and threw himself on the ground; and muttered as if addressing a shadow; like one crazed. The peasants at last noticed his eccentricities; and especially a wild girl of a neighbouring hut, who had been attracted by his person. When the morning came, he waited for four hours in the Chapel; but Adelinde appeared not. He heard the discharges of a Gun, and the tongues of spaniels frequently in the neighbouring copses; and he had no doubt it was Coningsby pursuing his usual sports. Sometimes despair prompted him to seek an interview; and lay open to him his attachment, and his wishes: a moment's reflection, and an incontroulable presage of the fatal results of such a step, extinguished the resolve.

The rash thought then occurred of visiting the house, in Coningsby's absence; and seeking there for the adored object of his affections. He glided up the shrubbery; made his way to the side door; but found it locked; and then stole round to the front; and as he passed the window, saw the figure of Adelinde intently poring over a book, and apparently in tears. She did not raise her eyes; nor, as he supposed, perceive him. He had lightly opened the door; and had one foot in the passage, when the figure of a woman aged, with an emaciated face, and tall thin person, advancing from the other end, shrunk back at the sight of him; and uttering something of a suppressed shriek, his presence of mind forsook him; and he retired.

Adelinde was still intent on her book: it was a wild tale, full of fancy and pathos. She continued to weep; and when she was exhausted, the book dropped from her hand; and she fell into a slumber. When she waked, a strong impression remained on her mind that the vision of Lord Drayton had appeared to her. She trembled; and a deep depression of heart, and frightful gloom came over her.

She recollected her promise of an interview: a mingled superstition made her at once afraid to break, or to perform this promise. The former fear prevailed; a dinner of extreme anxiety seemed to her an age of suffering. Clouds gathered over the sky; and portended rain, and perhaps a storm, as there were

mutterings at intervals; and the gusts came now and then with something like a shriek. Then it cleared up again; the clouds dispersed; and before seven o' clock the moon began to sail majestically through them.

As soon as the clock struck the appointed hour, she exerted her courage, and proceeded to the Chapel. Lord Drayton received her in his arms, and blessed the moment of fidelity, for which he had so ardently sighed. Adelinde shrunk from this liberty; and would have again retreated, had not his respectful intreaties, and earnest vows, restrained her. She said: « I came to perform my promise: but a thousand circumstances forbid my staying here many minutes! » —

«Let me then », answered he, « not lose in these few minutes the explanation on which my life depends! I have vowed sacredly to Heaven to be only yours! Will you, Adelinde, be mine? » — « O Lord Drayton! » she replied; « how awful those words are! Do you ask me, what is in my power? Does it depend upon me alone? » — He said with agitation: « Finally it does: — not without obstacles, I admit! » — « O these obstacles! » she sighed: « my heart tells me they will never be got over! » — « But they shall be got over, my Adelinde! « he exclaimed: « they must be got over; or I die! » — « Be not too confident! « she rejoined: « there is a soul within us whose presages are little apt to deceive! » —

Lord Drayton felt the same; but he endeavoured to over-rule the sad presentiment. He kissed her hand; and his tears fell fast upon it. The moon broke broadly from a mountain of clouds; and betrayed the agonized countenance of Adelinde. He lifted his eyes: he exclaimed: « the pure light of the moon is the witness of our vows! You shall be mine! » He dared to add a kiss to this fervid ejaculation; when a voice was heard: « Adelinde! Adelinde! my dear Lady, Adelinde! Where can you be? » It was the well-known voice of Ralena, who had missed her from her chamber; and had come to search for her.

Adelinde started forward; and was in Ralena's arms in a moment.

Lord Drayton remained, till they were out of sight; and then retired in mournful yet not unmingled anxiety to his hut. Ralena chided Adelinde for thus encountering the night air; and all the other dangers of so late an hour. Adelinde was confused; and the consciousness of disguise to Ralena for the first time filled her with self-abasement. «You are ill; my dear Lady, Adelinde!» said Ralena: » you tremble: you have been ill for some time: your looks have not escaped me!» Adelinde answered only by a sigh. — « I must forbid you this Chapel!» She continued. I always thought it would dangerously encourage that solitary musing, to which your heart too much addicts you!» — « O do not forbid me the Chapel, Ra-

lena ! » she exclaimed with an eagerness that defied prudence. « But what will your father say, if you resort thither of an evening, after the sun has set, Miss Adelinde ? — Already he misses you ! » — The point of this question ; — the tone in which it was spoken, — a tone new to Ralena, filled her with fear, agony, and humiliation. She burst into tears ; and supported by Ralena's arm, hastened into the house.

She hurried to her chamber ; retired to bed ; and Ralena made an excuse to Coningsby, that she was ill. Her swolen eyes ; the distraction of her countenance ; and her embarrassed manner would have led to fatal discoveries on the part of her father.

Left to her own reflections ; her

strength exhausted; a fever preying upon her frame, she passed a night of extreme anguish. There were indeed some gleams of hope; and some momentary sentiments of delusive pleasure intermixed. She could not think of Lord Drayton without tenderness and admiration. His whole conduct was tender; generous; manly; virtuous. His person was attractive; his manner was fascinating. He added to high birth the higher qualities of sensibility and genius. Above the petty pride, the silly vanities, the mean and groveling pretensions of too many of his rank, he gloried only in taking advantage of his station and descent to recommend the example of intellectual elevation; the energy of struggles in the noblest paths of

ambition; and a respect for that class of visionary desires, which lifts us above matter; and opens another creation invisible to common eyes.

Adelinde could scarcely flatter herself that she had engaged the attachment of such a man. Yet how could she doubt his words; his eyes; the fervor of his expressions? To doubt his truth, would be to doubt the character she had thus so deservedly assigned him.

She invoked sleep: but, if it came, it soon again forsook her. Dreams, as thick as the motes upon the sunbeam, dispersed the heaviness of her eye-lids; and roused her into feverish restlessness. She rose from her bed: the dawn had not yet begun to pervade by a single

streak the clouds of the East. The first faint tinge of red would have been grateful to her eyes : but the cold silvery light of the Moon was not wanting. The majestic Queen of the pale Bow (*) threw her full orb on all the scenery, that Adelinde's window commanded. It could not command the Chapel; but it commanded part of the shrubbery that led to it. She fixed her eyes on the awesul serenity with which the young trees lifted their heads, and cast their long shadows; she said to herself : « Ye are calm, nurselings of my hand ! O that my tumultuous bosom could be calm,

(*) Queen of the Silver Bow, by thy pale beam
Alone and pensive I delight to stray ! », etc.
Charlotte Smith.

like you ! Ye smile under the sweet rays, that refresh you ! I weep under those beams, that remind me of my former happiness ! — Ye know not the pangs of regret. Ye know not the fears of the future ! The day-star salutes you with genial warmth : the descending mantle of Night covers you with fostering dews ! Ye have been the witnesses of my morning pleasures. Why have I ceased to be calmed by the incense of your breath, and the purity of your verdure, and the silence of your umbrage ? »

She leaned her aching head on her arm : she fixed her eyes steadily on the heath, through an opening of the walk. All was fearfully still : the very stunted vegetation of the Common reflected the moon-

beams in varying and fantastic shades. A glimpse of an human figure at last seemed to move on a little knowl not far distant. An indistinct whistle or cheer then seemed to come from the fall of ground at the back of this elevation. The figure, as if alarmed, lifted itself up; and glided off to the other side of the heath.

This had a mysterious appearance, that in the trembling state of Adelinde's spirits added to her perturbations. She would have sought the consolation of Ralena; but Ralena had already taken the alarm at the state of her feelings. An unconquerable repugnance with-held her from disclosing the present secret of her heart to her.

She excused herself from break-

fast; and Coningsby's morning occupations gave her a respite till after mid-day. On his return, he repaired to Adelinde's apartment. She had dressed herself; and composed her looks as well as she could. Yet her father was instantly, on entering, struck with the extraordinary change of her countenance. Her cheeks had already lost something of their roundness; her colour, that was before a bloom, was now the gentlest of tinges; her eyes had deepened several degrees in their colouring and expression; and her voice had undergone an alteration of a similar character.

Coningsby took her hand: its burning heat alarmed him. « Adelinde, » he said, « I perceive that you are seriously ill. What have

you done to yourself? Have you been catching cold in the Chapel? Have you been encountering the night-air?» These words, though probably accidental, added inexpressibly to Adelinde's confusion. She said faintly: « I beleive that I have caught cold, Sir! but I do not think it was in the Chapel!»

She would have given the world to bring this distressing interview to a close. At length, after half an hour, seeing her turn very pale, he called Ralena to her assistance; and left her.

Ralena's conversation was scarcely less distressing. If it was more tender, and if she feared her less, it was more pointed All tha Ralena said implied the suspicion that Adelinde had some painful secret in her keeping

quite inconsistent with her former frankness of disposition; and especially towards her. Adelinde, overcome, sunk upon the bed: and Ralena found it necessary to compose her spirits; and to leave her to the sleep, to which the closed appearance of her eyes induced her to hope that she was inclined.

She fell into momentary slumbers from entire exhausture: but distressing dreams soon drove away repose. The figure of Lord Drayton was before her, sometimes mournful; sometimes bleeding; and sometimes angry, and full of reproaches. Then rose the fierce and impetuous figure of her father, exclaiming; threatening; defying; raging! Ralena came to plead for her; — his arm was lifted: Ralena interposed: she sunk into Ralena's arms;

and waked with the agitation ! —

When the evening came, the height of her fever filled Ralena with alarm. She was gently delirious. Ralena sat by her side; and while she listened to the tender wanderings of her fancy, she found it difficult to suppress the loud and convulsive bursts of tears that were rising from her heart. Adelinde's genius improved by her literary habits had given her a peculiar fluency of tender and impassioned language. As the vivid impressions, that now passed uncontrouled and without order on her imagination, continued to pursue each other through her brain, her bursts of touching eloquence, though broken and unconnected, while they filled Ralena with admiration, tore her bosom even to the deepest agony.

Ralena learned beyond a doubt, that Adelinde's affection was engaged; and she guessed that the object of that affection was not unworthy of her. But she could not guess how such a Being could have fallen in her way. Yet she recollected several peculiar circumstances, that had at the moment filled her with some surprise.

She sat up with her patient all night: but dared not communicate the illness to Coningsby, lest he should visit his daughter; and catch some of those expressions, that she knew would fill him with perverse alarm. Ralena had herself several times caught the name of *Lord Drayton;* but deemed it probable that this was a mere delirious fancy, arising from the story of her mo-

ther, of which she might have caught some imperfect intimation in her childhood. From whatever cause it arose, she was sure that if Coningsby heard that name pronounced by the lips of Adelinde, his rage would make him forget all care and delicacy for his child.

The fever had done its worst; and Adelinde was composed and sensible in the morning. She was desirous to attend her father at breakfast: and Ralena thought it most prudent to agree to this proposal. The faithful old woman endeavoured to secure the gentleness of Coningsby by warning him that his daughter was suffering under a depression of spirits from a slow fever, that required every attention.

When she entered the little par-

lour, Coningsby started at her pallid looks; and a frightful sort of dying lustre in her eyes. He took her hand: it was yet alarmingly feverish. He gave a look, that pierced to her heart: but he controuled himself; and said nothing.

He had been accustomed to see Adelinde in the bloom of health. There had been a laugh in her eye, that, though it was shaded by thought and tenderness, yet was still more genial on that very account, like the sun when its blaze is a little softened by a transparent cloud. Her whole form, every motion and tone, spoke happiness: the rays of her countenance threw round the scenery, in which Coningsby dwelt, comfort, benignity, and even inspiration. It seemed to him,

as if the enchanter's wand was suddenly vanished : a sinking and appalment of heart came over him ; and a « brown horror » invested the circumference.

As these feelings swelled in Coningsby's bosom, the only alternative he had, consistent with his promise to Ralena, was to seek the refreshment of the open air ; and to pursue amid wilds and mountains the amusement, that vigorous exercise afforded to an athletic body.

Adelinde was left to her own reflections. She had not sat an hour in her own apartment — musing — weeping — fancying — dreaming — when the following Letter was brought to her.

LETTER.

"THE misery I endure is so great, that I must throw myself upon your mercy. The tenderness and admiration, that I feel for you, grows with every passing minute. If this attachment was a mere whim of my fancy, it is possible that I might be able to overcome or controul it. But my reason, my judgement, my virtue, all confirm the choice of my taste. Your angelic qualities are not lost, even upon these wild people that surround you. They gaze with wonder upon your beauty: they worship your goodness.

To live here, and yet never to see you is such utter wretchedness, that, if no interview can he obtained, I must quit this abode of my soul,

and return immediately to England. My last prayer is, that you will meet me at the dingle where I first had the felicity of beholding you, at the hour of eleven to morrow. »

D. »

ADELINDE perused this Letter, or rather Note, several times over. Its earnestness affected her at once with delight and anxiety. She was not less impatient for an interview than Lord Drayton himself. She would incur any hazard rather than that of driving him in despair to England. Her strength was scarcely equal to this meeting: but the animation of her soul; her love; her gratitude, all told her she must venture.

The wane of the year was hastening on : morning frosts, and evening chills; days of occasional storm, or rain, or both together; began very early to strip the trees of their leaves : the howling blast sometimes accompanied a premature close of a fair Autumnal day. It was all Fairyism to Adelinde. The colours of wild Imagination were upon every thing.

But sad presages seemed often to come in hollow murmurs upon the gusts of wind. The leaves that by day fluttered about in the eddies, and kissed her feet, and lingered across her bosom, seemed mysteriously to say to her : « Companion of our growth; thou whose hand has planted us; whose visions have clung round us; thou lookest

mournful, as if thy spirit was about to depart from us ! The same air has nourished us; the same suns have shed their genial rays upon us; the same balmy zephyrs have refreshed and delighted us; we have drank the same dew, we have drawn the same morning-incense; we have hailed the same twilights; we have reposed beneath the same moon beams ! Leave us not, fond victim of thy fancies ! Recall thy repose : renew thine innocent amusements : resummon every Muse to thine aid : there is no joy but in the purity we cherish : no life but in the virtue we breathe ! » --

How uncongenial with these whisperings were the tumults of her bosom ! But the minutes and hours were not lost in these tumults. Ade-

linde, faint, agitated, buoyed by hope; sinking with fear; eyes beaming a heavenly softness; a form light, tender, delicate, elegant; escaped with difficulty from Ralena; passed along the shrubbery; paused a moment in the Chapel; knelt a moment before the little altar she had placed at the upper end; ejaculated a short prayer; dropped a few delicious tears; rose again in a perturbation that threw a mist over the world; hurried to the dingle; and was in Lord Drayton's arms almost before she knew where she was!

One moment — one little moment; and her destiny was sealed! A sigh; a pressure on the lips: he vowed to be hers for life! — It was past. — She vowed to be his! — That holy

Chapel, she had adorned; that altar she had left, were in an instant fixed on, for the ceremony, at the twilight of the following day! —

The resolution was scarcely agreed to, when Adelinde in a mixture of inexpressible happiness and agitation, withdrawing her hand, said: « Now, Lord Drayton, let me take my leave, if you mean, that I should keep my word to morrow! Suspicion is abroad! Ears may be listening! Adieu! » — She sprung from him; and was many steps on her return to the Shrubbery, before Lord Drayton, lost in the delirium of what had passed, had the presence of mind to attempt to stop her! —

When the lovers had returned to their separate abodes, all, on look-

ing back upon it, appeared like the confusion of a dream. Each of them seemed almost to doubt the faithfulness of memory. Nearly six-and-twenty hours were yet to elapse, before the desired yet awesul moment that should bind them in the most solemn chains for life should arrive. Lord Drayton had to arrange the ceremony, and to find a Priest. This was not very difficult. The appointment was made in the course of that day.

Adelinde could not think: the multitude of her conflicting feelings overwhelmed her. Her sense of duty was in a state of great alarm: but she was sure that her father would never have consented to the marriage; and she was certain that the very mention of Lord Drayton's

name would draw upon him Coningsby's insatiable vengeance: a vengeance as injurious to the reputation and virtue of her father, as cruel to the idol of her soul, on whom it would be inflicted.

She had learned from Ralena much of her father's unappeasable hatred to the Drayton family: and she was aware that the sort of lawless country in which they lived, often emboldened him to reconcile his ideas to the commission of outrages, on the faith of the protection of his powerful name, that in England would scarcely be beleived!

But the dye was cast: the hours were rolling on; though in tumult and darkness. The eventful day opened with a storm. The winds had murmured sullenly, all night:

or if they growled, they did not break into any violent rage. Adelinde could not sleep; but there was an aweful lulling sound in this low, dying, hollow, sigh-like, passage of the air, that wafted the swolen train of her ideas on their progress. She rose to watch the dawn; but not a glimmering of light appeared: « Darkness was hissed along; » the gust paused; and then it swelled again: it seemed to say to her: « Fond Maid! I would soothe thee, if I could! thou deservest my soothings! thy tremulous ear has listened from infancy to my wanderings: the Muse has floated on my wings; and hovered over thee, from a child! The coming day is big with thy fate: long mayst thou attend upon me,

pure and exalted as thou now art; but more composedly happy! » —

Another hour, and the wind had entirely subsided: the clouds broke; and a doubtful dawn appeared to be struggling in the East. Adelinde sat half an hour by the window; and beheld the gradual predominance of light over the retreating vapours: at length the rays of Aurora expanded themselves in serene and glittering beauty over the whole sky. Adelinde dressed herself, and endeavoured to compose her agitated spirits.

When she met her father at breakfast, all her exertions were necessary to hide from him the extraordinary emotions of her feelings; and the effect they had upon her looks. Coningsby, who during the night

had feared a stormy morning, was luckily put into good humour by the unexpected fairness of the day, that promised him sport on a long planned expedition to the Mountains. She beheld him set off with glee; and most auspiciously for her, he told her, with a regard for her health a little more thoughtful than usual, not to wait dinner for him, as he might not be at home till night.

The day did not continue uniformly fair: a little before noon, the sky darkened; and clouds were seen gathering over the Blue Mountains in vast congregations. Then a breeze rose; and they came sailing towards Adelinde's abode in various shades, purple, and azure, and grey. The breeze ceased: for

half an hour all was a solemn stillness: every sound was heard, far over the distant heath: and even the rustlings of the leaves, as they fell in the shrubberies, met the ear of Adelinde, as she sat musing at her window.

In the midst of these deep contemplations, a little murmur, scarcely more than the first prelude of a distant carriage borne on the advancing current of the air, reached her. Then came something like a gusty shriek; and the leaves all trembled through the shrubbery. Then came a thick unpiercible darkness; and then claps of thunder, as if the sky was bursting, succeeded each other for ten minutes; then came half an hour of pouring and tremendous rain; at last all the clouds

broke away at once; and all the scenery shone in the most clear and serene brilliance, set off by the moisture that hung on the trees, and shrubbery, and hedges, and heath.

I know not if Adelinde might be called superstitious. It is not superstition to be reminded strongly of the probable track of one's own fate by that which comes before one's notice of the progress of Nature's course in the scenery of the material creation. "Storms and darkness," said Adelinde to herself, "are gathering round me too! But I implore a merciful Providence, that they may pass from me, as this storm has done from the face of nature; and that sweet sunshine and serenity, like this, may follow them; and place me in

the bosom of the peace I seek; and the virtue I will endeavour to attain ! » —

I cannot describe the remaining time of suspense and agitated reflection till the first symptom of twilight begun to betray itself. The young moon already put forth her faint crescent, almost

Ere « from the West, where sunk the crimson Day,
Meek Twilight slowly sail'd, and waved her banner grey. » (*)

When the sun had withdrawn his last rays; and the thick grey vapours formed themselves into an expanded mantle only feebly penetrated by the slight silver beam of Cynthia, Adelinde's heart increased in its perturbations. She looked

(*) Mason.

out : all was still ; — she heard not her father's footstep ; she heard not the occasional tongue of his dogs, that often announced his approach over the distant heath ; she would have had him safely occupied with his dinner, before the aweful hour of seven came ! She dared not venture to be absent at the moment of his arrival.

She continually had the watch before her eyes : the hand had just touched the appointed moment, when he reached the door. Adelinde received her father with a fearful pleasure ; the dinner was ready : he was not many minutes before it fully engaged him. Adelinde sat under a suppressed tumult of mind so painful, that she would have given her life to have escaped from

it. She at last pleaded an head-ache; and asked leave to retire to her chamber.

Another quarter of an hour; and she had reached the Chapel-door. The Moon had faintly lighted her along the shrubbery. Within the dim walls of the Chapel was the artificial radiance of two lanterns brought by Lord Drayton, and a Priest; — and placed on the little altar-table. Lord Drayton received Adelinde with awe, admiration, and tenderness. The priest was introduced; he bowed respectfully; and his air was polished, and dignified. No time was to be lost. The ceremony was soon over. Adelinde became Lady Drayton!

Lord Drayton would now have had Adelinde fly with him. This

she positively, and firmly refused. « I will try, she said, « to reconcile my father to this marriage, before I leave him; or I never shall be easy! — You must let me return this moment; or an alarm will be created. — I will meet you here again to morrow, after breakfast! » — She had scarcely uttered the words, when she sprung from his arms; and was soon within the house; and found that luckily she had never been missed by her father.

She now felt her heart more at ease: and the long succession of fatigues and anxieties she had undergone brought upon her a night of such profound sleep, that she did not wake till an hour after the dawn of day.

All the morning of that day was spent in the company of Lord Drayton. She was now entitled to trust herself with him with no other reserve than the fear of her father's premature discovery of her marriage. Lord Drayton could not lessen his attachment from the more intimate knowlege, which his alliance gave him. Adelinde was the most delightful, as she was the most excellent, and most highly gifted of human Beings. Never did any lover feel a more enthusiastic affection than Lord Drayton.

Adelinde was more reserved in her expressions of affection; but she felt it scarcely less. She thanked heaven earnestly and fervidly for bestowing upon her a man so good, so accomplished, so amiable; one

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had been his idol, whatever humours he had indulged towards others. Even Lord Drayton's affection could not entirely overcome this suspected change in her father's feelings towards her.

Another week passed in this way. Lord Drayton began almost to be angry with Adelinde for want of fortitude, and decision by neither speaking to her father, nor embracing the duties of her new destiny. At last, after three days of separation, he at the next interview informed her, that he had on the preceding morning met her father, that he had introduced himself under the name of *Parker*; and that Coningsby had invited him to dinner on the day after the morrow. He smiled when he imparted this

information; but the smile appeared to Adelinde forced. « We must wait the event of this important visit! » both said at once; but both trembled; and felt a coldness at the heart, while they said it!

The evening came; and Coningsby had returned from his day's sport fatigued and fretful. Adelinde had for some time began to suspect that there was that sort of occasional tortuosity in his ideas or in his temper, that had an appearance as if his intellects were not quite sane. There was a smile in his scorn or anger, that was frightful. It was impossible to account for the whimsicalness of his resentment, or his hatred; and though his openness on many occasions was without remorse, or sense of moral delicacy, yet

in others, his disguise and affectation of being pleased, where he was most bitter, impressed his daughter with an involuntary shuddering, and occasional disapprobation, that lessened her filial respect and love.

Coningsby yet seemed to feel ebullitions of the keenest affection for Adelinde : he looked upon her beauty with eyes of pride and fatherly admiration : he listened to her voice, as if he had heard an angel speak : sometimes in the moments of abasement; in the midst of regrets at his fallen station, his obscure habits, and unprosperous course, he turned his eyes upon her; and the glow of returning self-content beamed again from his expressive countenance. « Treasure of my heart ! » he said : « who

possesses such a jewel, as I possess? I know your value: I will guard the prize! Who is deserving of my Adelinde?» —

Adelinde turned pale: she would have wept aloud, if she had dared: she took her father's hand, and bathed it in her tears.

It was a melancholy evening: the low blast shrieked faintly round the corners of the house: when these sounds died away, the beating rain pelted the crazy windows: and then, as it ceased, Coningsby opened the sash, and beheld the last glimpse of the horns of the young Moon struggling through the clouds that the rising breeze was endeavouring to disperse!

Adelinde thought it necessary to engage her father's attention, and

her own. She had been reading a little fiction, in which there was a strange mixture of sublimity, pathos, and excessive colloquiality and pleasantry, bordering sometimes on coarseness and even ribaldry. It occurred to her, that if any work of Fiction could interest Coningsby, this would be the very production. She was sure that the broad and familiar parts would make him smile: she believed that, when so intermixed, even the more serious parts would move him. She had often perceived, that the seeds of high talents were in him; and had died for want of culture, and genial beams to expand them. Her acuteness was not less strong than the other extraordinary faculties of her mind. This had instructed

her that the access to the hidden resources of such an intellect as her father's, was by putting into activity the more practised parts of his talents, and leading them, at the moment of their full play, into higher regions.

She began with a sort of doggrel, to which her melodious voice and grave humour could scarcely reconcile itself. It pleased Coningsby; but he rather felt surprize, how it could have been selected by Adelinde. He smiled, as she read; and sometimes laughed outright; and even Adelinde could not always escape the contagion of the laughter at the unexpected drollness and naïvete of some of the absurd representations of the author. Then all at once the poet, as if no longer

able to contain the native sublimity of his soul, broke out into passages of the most picturesque splendor, or the most lofty emotion! Unsought, unlaboured, undebased by a single imbecile word, a single phrase not of the most felicitous energy, these passages coming unexpectedly upon Coningsby, and doubly striking by the contrast, took possession of his soul, as by storm. He was so deeply affected, that Adelinde desisted from reading. The parts, that affected him were Tragic; and there was something in them, that seemed to touch the very immost chords of his bosom. He rose; and embraced his daughter; and shed a flood of tears upon her shoulder.

When he had released her from

his embrace, he threw himself into a chair in the corner of the room; and for five minutes seemed lost in some subject of deep internal agitation. As soon as he lifted up his eyes, he cast them earnestly on the face of Adelinde, who was sitting in the opposite corner. She was pale, and alarmed; and the cold tremors, that ran to his heart, would permit no relief by tears. « My Adelinde ! » he exclaimed in an half inarticulate voice : and then he paused, as if his lips would utter no more : — « My Adelinde ! « he continued. — « Why do you look so pale ? What is become of the bloom, that purpled those cheeks ? Has the unhallowed air rifled it ? My Adelinde's bloom is sacred : — it must not be rifled ! Woe be

to the rifler ! » -- And then he became convulsed : he hid his face in his hands ; and burst into a torrent of tears, intermingled almost with shrieks.

Adelinde's heart said to her, « this is strange and portentous ! but I dare not think of it : I must pacify my father, and retire ! » -- She rose ; she advanced to Coningsby's chair ; she threw herself at his feet ; she clasped her hands upon his knees : she exclaimed in a voice of irresistible tenderness ; « O my father ! you are fatigued ! You are ill ! A night's rest will calm you : to morrow you will salute me with your usual chearfulness ! — Coningsby spoke not a word ; but pressed her hand, lifted her from the ground ; and suffered

her to lead him to his chamber-door. As he passed along, his whole frame was apparently convulsed. He blessed her, as he took leave, in a tone of extraordinary gloominess. « Thou art an angel ! » he said ; and deservest the fate of an angel ! Frail and polluted mortality is not fit for thee ! » --

Never did Adelinde feel a release so desirable, as she now felt from her father's presence. As soon as she was safe within her own chamber, and had time to reflect at all, she recalled with the deepest and most afflicting fears all that had passed. The alternative of the result left her little consolation. Either her father was in a state of incipient insanity ; or he suspected her intercourse with Lord Drayton. To-

morrow might decide ! But how should she support the suspense of to-morrow ?

She retired to rest : but there was no rest for her !— Her momentary slumbers produced even more suffering than wakefulness. Every vision of horror haunted her agitated spirits. She started ; and thought her father was at her feet with a dagger in his hand ! — Then she heard him pacing his room ; and imagined that she heard him muttering threats, and reproaches, and curses !

She rose ; an intolerable heat raged through her frame : she could scarcely breathe. She approached the window : she gently lifted the sash : it first seemed as if darkness hung over every thing, black and thick as a pall. Then the con-

gregated atoms seemed a little to disperse; and the vapoury mantle turned to grey, broken into small intervals where something like the first particles of light was struggling to make a transparency in the vast envelopment that sat upon the scenery of Nature.

Adelinde hung in an half-unconscious despondency upon the well-known spot. She felt that the still and sable gloom sat upon her heart like the weight of death. « What is it, » she said to herself, « that prompts me to struggle against this oppression? Better this frightful darkness, than many things, that the day may disclose! » A ray of light darted from the east: she saw beneath her the top branches of the first tree she had ever planted,

moving as it were feebly and mournfully in the undulation of the current of the air. It struck her, that it was shaking its leaves at her, as if presageful of her impending fate!

« It seems to say to me, » (she sighed) « We must part! Whither am I going? Shall I be happier, when torn from this abode of my childhood? »

The summons to breakfast came. Coningsby received Adelinde with a smile: but she imagined that it was a smile, of a new character. It seemed like the smile of triumph or sarcasm; not of kindness! An involuntary shuddering ran through her frame: but she struggled; and recomposed herself. The conversation was interrupted; and continued.

Her father fell by fits into a terrific gloom : and then he smiled again, as in scorn ! Sometimes there was a taunt in his manner ; and sometimes a levity as if he had lost his respect for her.

Hitherto there had been an awe; and idolatrous sort of affection in his address to her, almost as if he was speaking to something holy ! It seemed to say to her now : « You are a frail female : and if you deserve any thing gentle and tender from me, it is only in pity ! — »

The tears, that continually forced themselves to her eyes, were suppressed with the greatest difficulty. She whispered to herself : « Gracious Heaven, how inscrutable are thy ways ! but yesterday I thought myself the happiest of Beings ! A

lot of unhoped felicity had befallen me. To day it is all clouded. I feel that the darkness is big with some unspeakable calamity ! — »

As soon as she was released from her father's presence, she retired to her chamber, and gave way to impetuous torrents of weeping. The lovely complacence, that springs from the untouched simplicity of the heart; the believing hope; the light breathing of the bosom; the elastic and congenial imminglement with all that is aspiring and spiritual in our intellectual nature, had vanished ! She knew not, before, the value of the superiority she had enjoyed ! She now felt herself a fallen, lost Being !

Yet when she thought of Lord

Drayton, a returning warmth, a delicious tenderness rekindled through her frame. She sighed to deposit her uneasiness in his breast; and to forget in his soothings the vehement griefs that had assailed her!

Where was Lord Drayton to be found? She should meet him at dinner: but there all would be constraint and concealment: she would not dare to acknowledge him before an explanation had taken place: and perhaps this interview would be the most painful she could undergo!

She resolved to take a stroll upon the heath, for the chance of meeting him. The morning was overcast; and there was an aweful stillness in the air. A little copice, or rather tuft of wood, that had sometimes been the spot of their

meetings, almost instinctively attracted her footsteps. She sighed bitterly as she approached it: but still it seemed to her clad in an hallowed light. She said to herself: « Why swells my heart with such unutterable heaviness? Why am I not full of gratitude and joy for the affection of my Drayton? Have I not gained more than I merit? What return can I make for his goodness; for his noble abandonment of self-interest; for his generous devotion to me?

These reflections had scarcely risen, when a few more steps disclosed to her the figure of Lord Drayton, behind the coppice, apparently on his knees, so immersed in his own thoughts, that for some seconds he did not perceive

her. As she approached, he sprung up, and caught her in his arms: but, as if by sympathy, the embrace was sealed by a mutual burst of tears. « What discomposes my Adelinde? » said Lord Drayton. « Nay, my dear Lord Drayton! », answered Adelinde: « may I not, rather ask, what discomposes you? », — « I cannot tell; my Adelinde! ». he replied: » a gloom has come over me, that I cannot conquer! a frightful fancy of some impending blow, that is to end our happiness! Oh, my Adelinde, I fear it is not permitted us on earth to be so blessed as I am with you! Your loveliness exceeds expression: the soul, that inhabits this lovely form, is still more lovely, than its frame! »

How could Adelinde answer such

language, as this? She had only one answer, — more eloquent than words; — the answer of her tender, and rapturous tears! « Lord Drayton! » she at last sighed out, almost inarticulately, « I feel, as you do, a presage of some evil to come, that I cannot shake off! — But, if our happiness closes here, was ever any one so happy as I have been? » — « Those words, my Adelinde! » exclaimed her husband, « would compensate for years of misery! But » (pausing, and recollecting himself, as if resolving by a great effort to repress his own anticipations of ill, for the sake of soothing her emotions), « what reason have I for this melancholy? It is but the momentary ebb of the excess of joy! My Adelinde

must be happy : or virtue will lose its reward; and goodness be shamed out of the world ! » — « Lord Drayton, » she replied, « I am not so presumptuous as to think myself good; though I am most grateful to you for believing me to be so. But, if in truth I had been such as your kindness represents, we must not forget, my adored protector, that happiness is not for this world; and that it is not here that Goodness must seek its reward ! » —

These words were scarcely uttered, when a fellow of ferocious aspect jumped upon the heath from the mound of the Coppice, and then stopping, as if surprised at the appearance of the lovers, addressed them with a familiar and taunt-like salutation; and went merrily off

again humming an Irish song with familiar bravery.

Adelinde turned pale; Lord Drayton with difficulty suppressed his rage at the insult. They parted. Each, when they had gone a few steps, cast back a look of piercing sorrow at the separation.

When Adelinde was out of sight her husband gave himself up to distracting melancholy. He had rejoiced at first at the appointed visit to Coningsby. His heart now failed him. He anticipated in Coningsby's manners affronts not to be endured; and in his obstinate passions difficulties not to be surmounted.

He reflected upon the strange and indissoluble connection of evil with good in this state of our existence: of the highest blessings counter-

veiled by the deepest melancholy
and the moments of his former
trembling on his features
and deeper!

He said to himself [illegible]
envy my lot! Wealth
fortune and more [illegible]
health: and I must [illegible]
cient in the sport of [illegible]
the talents and [illegible]
grace myself in [illegible]
am probably [illegible]
more envy [illegible]
greater happiness [illegible]
My Adelmute [illegible]
chanting, then [illegible]
of a mortal [illegible]
this gloom [illegible]
maces the [illegible]
so heavily [illegible]
cannot take [illegible]

He may insult me; but I will recollect, that he is her father; and bear it! » —

Adelinde, meanwhile, had reached her home. She stole to her own chamber: but she heard Coningsby pacing violently backwards and forwards below; and listened to his mutterings with breathless horror. « England » — « false women, » — « perfidy » — « revenge » — were words, she continually caught; and sometimes she imagined she heard the name of *Drayton* pronounced with infuriate emphasis! Then came an hysteric laugh, more horrible than all the curses!

She had long suspected the sanity of her father's mind: she was now convinced, that the incipient disease was making a rapid progress.

She gave herself up to devotion;

vailed by the deepest misfortunes : and the moments of bliss always trembling on the confines of agony and despair !

He said to himself : « how many envy my lot ! Worldly rank and fortune are mine : I have youth and health : and I trust I am not deficient in the spirit to enjoy life ; and the talents and manners not to disgrace myself in it ! For all this I am probably envied ! But how much more envy do I deserve for a much greater happiness, than all these ! My Adelinde is a treasure more enchanting, than ever fell to the lot of a mortal before ! Why then does this gloom oppress me ? What maces the cold drops of despair sit so heavily on my heart ? Coningsby cannot take his daughter from me !

He may insult me; but I will recollect, that he is her father; and bear it!» —

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She gave herself up to devotion;

and prayed to heaven to avert this overwhelming calamity! « Oh! » she said to herself, « if I could but behold the tranquil conclusion of the ensuing day! Shall I speak to Lord Drayton, not to come? Shall I desire him to withdraw himself for the present? What, if one of these moody fits should come on, before him? What, if my father entertains suspicion, and is angry? I am sorry to confess, that his furious passions are his masters, even if his faculties are not deranged! If they *are* deranged, as I can no longer conceal from myself that I believe them to be, where may his intemperance end? »

Ralena at this moment entered her chamber: she found her bathed in tears; trembling in every limb;

and almost wild with grief and terror. — « Ralena ! » she exclaimed : « is not my father ill ? very ill ? » — Ralena requested her to compose herself : she said, that Coningsby was certainly a good deal out of humour : something in his sports had probably gone wrong : but she had been used for many years to his fits of violence ; and did not doubt it would soon spend itself in a little noise, and a few oaths !

The heart, that is ready to break, catches at the slightest glimpse of consolation : and Adelinde endeavoured to lull herself into the faith of this opinion. But words she had over-heard, and dared not repeat to Ralena, soon recurred to her memory with a violence, that excluded all self-delusion ! —

The emotion and the perplexity of her mind were too great to allow her to think with any distinctness. All was chaos; and the day and the night lingered on, she knew not how; and when the dawn came, she knelt, and prayed that she might see another, not still more unhappy!

The hour arrived, when she could no longer avoid her father's presence: his eyes, fixed upon her pallid countenance, looked with mingled tenderness and anger; and then, as if to disguise the thoughts that crossed him, he hummed a tune, jumped up from his chair; threw up the sash; And gave an halloo to one of his dogs, that was crossing the heath. In an instant, as if the summons was directed to him, a fellow sprung

from the furze of the heath, leaped with agility over the fence, and was at the window, his hat crouchingly doffed; crying out: »Here your Honour; at your service! Say the word, your Honour; and it is done!« Adelinde looked up: it was the man, who had disturbed the interview between her and Lord Drayton, the preceding day! — She fainted! —

When she recovered, Ralena was hanging over her in tears: Coningsby had felt all his parental tenderness revive: but still there was by fits a mystery in his manner, that crost the ebullitions of his bosom; and restrained him at the moment when he was returning to the floods of his former tenderness.

Her voice would have charmed

away the ferocity of the moodiest humour from objects, where her affection was unqualified by fear. But the events of the last days had unfortunately mingled up with Adelinde's filial attachment a terror, nay an insuppressible diminution of confidence and respect, which gave a restraint to the seductive sweetness of her manner, and the eloquent simplicity of her eyes.

Coningsby told her to prepare for a stranger at dinner: but he neither named him; nor dwelt a moment longer on the subject.

The aweful interval till the hour of the Stranger's arrival was spent by Adelinde in tears and tremblings. Coningsby was traversing the heath; now slowly, now with hurried steps, muttering to himself,

and agitated with frightful inequalities of emotion, that too surely proved to his daughter her suspision of his mental disorder.

Yet a medical man would scarcely have pronounced him deranged. Whoever gives up his mind to his Passions; whoever omits to cultivate the controul of a regulating principle; whoever neglects the constant recollection of the wants and feelings of others; whoever draws all his opinions of mankind from a familiarity with their vices, and the bitterness of individual disappointment, will suffer his thoughts and emotions to go astray till they wander beyond his recall. They become the fitful tyrants, that rule and torment him with horrible wantonness.

Man when he thus gives up the controul of reason, and simple guide of safety to all our actions, ought not to be, and cannot be, released from his moral responsibility; Coningsby was to be pitied for the neglect of his early education; and for his subsequent course of life, that launched him on the turbulent waves of the world without an helm. But still there must have been a predominance of evil in his natural teinperament; or he would have recovered. An excessive intercourse with evil sometimes works a cure in doubtful dispositions: it exhibits Vice in all its appalling deformity; and shews the necessity of probity and goodness even for selfish purposes.

It had this effect on Coningsby.

In truth much of his experience had been familiar with a delusive sort of Masquerade of life, where beauty and generosity and a frank and noble spirit were mingled with dissoluteness: where there was enough to destroy confidence, and shew the triumph of inconsiderate and momentary enjoyment, without shewing its inevitable and universal termination in misery.

The retreat to these savage wilds; the years of solitary abandonment to the whims of a turbulent, undisciplined, ill-taught, soured mind, were exactly the unpropitious circumstances, that gave least chance to the recovery of his elastic faculties. As Adelinde grew up, her gentle manners, her sweet temper, her melting affections, the

transparency of her angelic genius, seemed for a time to promise a miraculous conversion of his whole intellectual and moral composition. But something had suddenly unhinged him again; and he seemed to relapse into a gloomier and more terrific chaos than before.

It was among his great misfortunes, that in all real distresses, or fanciful misconceptions, he had no companion of his own station, no one to unbosom his thoughts to, to rectify his errors; or correct the fitful morbidness of a sanguine, untutored, and irregular head and heart. The peasants, who accompanied him in his savage sports were his slaves, the unprincipled tools of his desires; the intriguing and cunning, but not ineloquent, flatterers of his opinions.

Ralena stood aloof; but with Ralena's humble and reserved manners he never felt an inclination to be familiar.

Pride, embittered by disappointment, was the leading passion of Coningsby's soul. Whatever touched this unhappy point of irritability, instantly called forth the most infuriated resentment, and always according to his regard for the object, to which the supposed insult was directed. His love for Adelinde, paramount to all other earthly affections, would have made an injury, or slight to her, the cause of incontroulable rudeness. His suspicion and jealousy of any neglect or freedom brought on by her present obscure mode of life would have made him require from any stranger a

ceremonious devotion of manners towards her, which would have rendered it scarcely possible to avoid giving him offence.

Adelinde knew this: she knew therefore that the expected interview with the Stranger would, of itself, involve him and her in difficulties, she could scarcely hope to surmount without a storm.

When Lord Drayton entered the room under the name of *Parker*; a disguise revolting to his nature, and of which he had ever since grievously repented, there was an endeavour on the part of Coningsby to receive him with an apparent cordiality, of which Adelinde, already in the room, penetrated the disguise with alarm. Her father introduced her: he fixed his dark,

piercing eyes on both the lovers; and smiled, as if in bitterness, when he saw their mutual confusion.

Through the whole time of dinner Coningsby seemed to struggle to make himself agreeable; and to exhibit those talents and those manners of the world, that he had once exhibited in fashionable society. He had, when he made the effort, great powers of pleasing. His perceptions were quick; aud full of sagacity, and vigour. His language had a racy strength about it, that conveyed his ideas with all the force in which they arose; Lord Drayton listened with some astonishment to these powers of intellectual capacity. He had formed quite a different idea of Coningsby. He

expected to have found him as empty and stagnant in his understanding, as he had been deficient in his education, and trifling in his habits. He instantly perceived that he had been lost to society, and to hims elf by the accidents of his lot.

Lord Drayton was as pleased as he was surprised: and the pleasure was more than doubled by the reflexion that this person was the father of Adelinde. But sometimes at the moment, when he was about to surrender up his confidence to him, he caught a glance from his eye; a sort of roll; or leopard-like, treacherous ray of subdued triumph, that seemed to say: »all is not right within!« — Intermingled with generous sentiments, interesting anecdotes, and acute sketches of charac-

ter, were occasional remarks so whimsical, so unfounded, or so exaggerated, that at first he thought them mere badinage; but when from their frequent recurrence, he found them a sort of inseparable imminglement in the furniture of his mind, he listened to him rather with awe and pity, than with pleasure.

Sometimes he fancied that Coningsby had detected, or at least strongly conjectured, his real name: but then Coningsby flew off again either with such naivetè, or with such extreme artifice, that Lord D's fears of this discovery had no time to take root.

As, during his intercourse with life, he had been a great favourite with women, and in those, who

had fallen in his way had seldom found much firmness or reserve, so he seemed to believe that women were almost always at the mercy of the men, who thought it worth the trouble to aim at their virtue; and fancied a woman's best safeguard to be in the dangers attendant upon the attempt. Of all things, the supposition that he was not adequate, in his present obscure condition, to impress the idea of these dangers on any one who might entertain dishonourable designs on a person connected with himself, whose fair fame and strict conduct it was his duty to guard, would have touched most deeply the pride, that was the grand disease of his heart.

Lord Drayton would have de-

fended the character of women, by a reference to the instance of Coningsby's own daughter. But the peculiarity, in which he stood, made this impossible. He now took up the conversation with a good deal of management: he kept under controul the expression of those enthusiastic ideas of female loveliness and female virtues, which were natural to the generous feelings of his heart, and the visionary creations of his genius, and which his acquaintance with Adelinde had confirmed in all their fervor: he would not have discovered such ideas to Coningsby, even if Adelinde had been out of the question; and if his consequent dread of discovering to her father his love of her had not interfered! Among Lord

Drayton's talents was his uncommon tact; his abhorrence of addressing a tone of thought to others uncongenial to their natures. He saw at once that this romantic view of the characters of even the most virtuous and the most highly gifted of mankind, was quite out of the reach of Coningsby's comprehension. Coningsby heard him with politeness; yet with an impatience not easily concealed.

The subject was too delicate to be continued: both felt it; and each willingly started another. Lord Drayton led to some points of history, in which Coningsby had a personal interest: he treated them in a manner soothing to the pride of his host; who said to himself: « this young man has an enlighten-

ed mind ! — but it matters not : — talent but makes presumption the more dangerous, and offensive ! » —

A pause came upon the conversation : Coningsby was lost for several minutes in a deep reverie. He took his glass ; filled a full bumper, and swallowed it with eagerness. He pushed the bottle to Lord Drayton. « I will give you a sentiment » said he : — « *A good resolve ; and a firm soul !* » — He turned away his face : Lord Drayton perceived a sort of spasmodic convulsion, that seemed at the moment to agitate his countenance. A sentiment in return rose to his lips ; but died away there : he would have given « *Confidence, the nurse of Virtue* » : but his cou-

rage failed him. The silence was distressing: « it is an evil age we live in ! » exclaimed Coningsby: « the sooner we get out of it the better ! » — « But there is good, as well as evil in it; » answered his guest. « Yes, good » replied he, » « if the bad would let it bloom ! But weeds choke it; poison is poured upon it ! » — Here his teeth gnashed : — « curses ! » he cried out, — « curses upon the weeds and the poison ! They must be rooted out ! — the devil will have them ! — Ah — the sooner, the better ! » —

Lord Drayton was alarmed at this wild moodiness : he attributed it to a temper, not entirely sane, irritated by wine. He had been so cautious, that not all Coningsby's pressing hospitality had overcome

his own temperance. He felt too much his critical situation; and the necessity of a full command of all his self-possession.

He asked for tea. It came; and the lovely form of Adelinde returned to the room, to make it. His beaming eyes greeted her presence with the most tender rapture. He dared not permit his lips to utter but a few cold ceremonious words: but his heart whispered: » Most heavenly of earthly Beings, whose form is gifted with melting beauty, whose mind and soul are still more beautiful than thy form, how can I contain my rapture at again beholding thee? « — He turned away his sick eyes from the sight: he looked at her father, whose countenance was cloathed in thun-

der; and trembled though every limb.

A turf fire blazed within: the wind began to rise without: the baying of a dog was heard upon the heath. Coningsby started. « You may yet have a fine day to-morrow! » said Lord Drayton. « To-morrow! » repeated Coningsby with a mournful and impressive scorn: « what mortal knows any thing of to-morrow? » — Adelinde caught the words and the tone with surprize: they ran cold to her heart: she averted her face; and dropped a few bitter tears.

For a moment Coningsby left the room Lord Drayton siezed Adelinde's hand in an agony; pressed it to his bosom; covered it with a flood of tears; and exclaimed:

« My Adelinde, Earth does not allow of such felicity, as you confer! Clouds gather round us ! O that we could see the morning sun once more shine upon us ! » —

He had scarcely finished these words, when Coningsby again entered the room. She rose to hide her agitation : she was departing. « You must not leave your guest so abruptly, » said her father with frightful sternness : « *strangers* must *be* treated with a little more ceremony ! » — A deep colour overspread Adelinde's face ; she looked pitiously at Coningsby; and then cast a glance of suppressed but agonized fondness on Lord Drayton.

A dog again bayed; and a shrill whistle was heard on the heath. Coningsby's countenance expressed

alarm : « the bog-trotters are disturbing my preserves ! » said he : how dare the rascals approach so near my house ? » He walked up and down the room : he listened : but all was still again.

The silence, that ensued, was terrible. Lord Drayton resolved to break it. He asked Coningsby, if the wild inhabitants of this country disturbed his peace. « Not at all, » said Coningsby ; « they are my slaves; they abide my bidding; and run, and toil, and pass through fire and water at my nod ! » He glanced a sarcastic, and demoniac smile. « I am an Irishman ! » continued he : « the blood of Erin's ancient kings flows in my veins, as their representative. It is this blood, that gives me my power : a true-

born Irishman will not thus submit to your English upstarts !» — Lord Drayton perceived that he had touched an irritable chord : and Adelinde gave him a look of intreaty to change the subject, which he understood.

The shades of night were advancing; the wind growled; and then rose into fitful shrieks. The clock struck the hour of eleven : Lord Drayton, when she was gone, could scarcely any longer keep up his attention to her father's strange but half eloquent harangues. His whole soul had departed with the beloved object of his affections.

Adelinde, on entering her chamber, found it impossible to compose her spirits. She took a book; but could not fix her attention

to it. She mused; but her thoughts were full of gloom, and woe. She said to herself: « how strange is the fate of life? It offers inexpressible happiness: — but the moment it seems to reach us, some mysterious obstacle intervenes, and draws back the cup from us at the moment it touches our lips! — My beloved Lord Drayton, if Heaven would but permit me to be your faithful and uninterrupted companion; to watch over your cares; to listen with humble admiration to your sentiments; and to obey your tender commands; what bliss so intense could my most sanguine fancy dream of? But I feel that clouds and sorrow and some inexplicable calamity are in the way! Some mark, I fear, was put by

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— The sky lowers; the scenes of
nature breathe no more the enchant-
ment of repose; the shrubs, that

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'ondness! -- Yet,
, adored husband,
every thing lost for thee!»

Loud words are heard below: Adelinde listens with alarm. Coningsby's voice is fierce: Lord Drayton's is less soft than usual.

The tread of footsteps is in the passage. The parlour door opens, and shuts again. Adelinde descends breathless towards it. — Hark there is a scuffle! — O gracious God — a shriek! -- a groan! -- She bursts open the door! Lord Drayton lies strangled; and lifeless on the ground! --

Adelinde gave a shrill and pierc-

Providence upon my birth! I have been happy! Oh, what ineffable joys of innocence has my childhood experienced! I tremble, when I look upon it: — it seems like a Fairy vision; all airy brightness, and celestial beatitude, untouched by a sting of regret! To me this solitude has been a Paradise; and these blue heaths, Elysian gardens! Is it sin then to love with innocence and purity! Can the severest censurer say, that the generous Lord Drayton is not worthy of my love? But, alas! innocent as my love is; crowned as it has been with the most unhoped success, yet all my peace has vanished at its approach! — The sky lowers; the scenes of nature breathe no more the enchantment of repose; the shrubs, that

were planted by my hand; the flowers, that were nursed by my care, look sad; and reproach me with the remembrance of my former unmingled fondness! -- Yet, my husband, my adored husband, how well is every thing lost for thee!» -- Loud words are heard below: Adelinde listens with alarm. Coningsby's voice is fierce: Lord Drayton's is less soft than usual.

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Adelinde gave a shrill and pierc-

ing cry: and with that piercing cry her senses fled, to revive in this world no more. That beautiful, that gifted, and innocent form writhed for a few months under wild and distracting agony; and then utterly worn out, found repose in the grave.

Coningsby fled; and has never since been heard of. It cannot be doubted, that his intellects were partly deranged. By means of some of the wild natives subservient to him, who had for many days acted as his spies, he had discovered the intercourse between Adelinde and Lord Drayton; and had also in some way got at Lord Drayton's name. But he had not discovered the marriage; and he believed that Lord Drayton had seduced his daughter.

This supposition, still aggravated by the idea that *Lord Drayton* was the guilty person outraged his affection; his pride; his prejudices; all his virtuous, and all his bad passions. Deranged before, he became yet more fierce and irrational in his schemes, and his conduct. Cunning and obliquity were among the leading traits, that first took violent root in this disease.

Among the wretches, whom Coningsby employed for this horrible purpose, was the villain, who had interrupted the interview of the lovers at the coppice a day or two before.

The cause of Lord Drayton's death was never known. It was reported in England that he had died by an accidental explosion of

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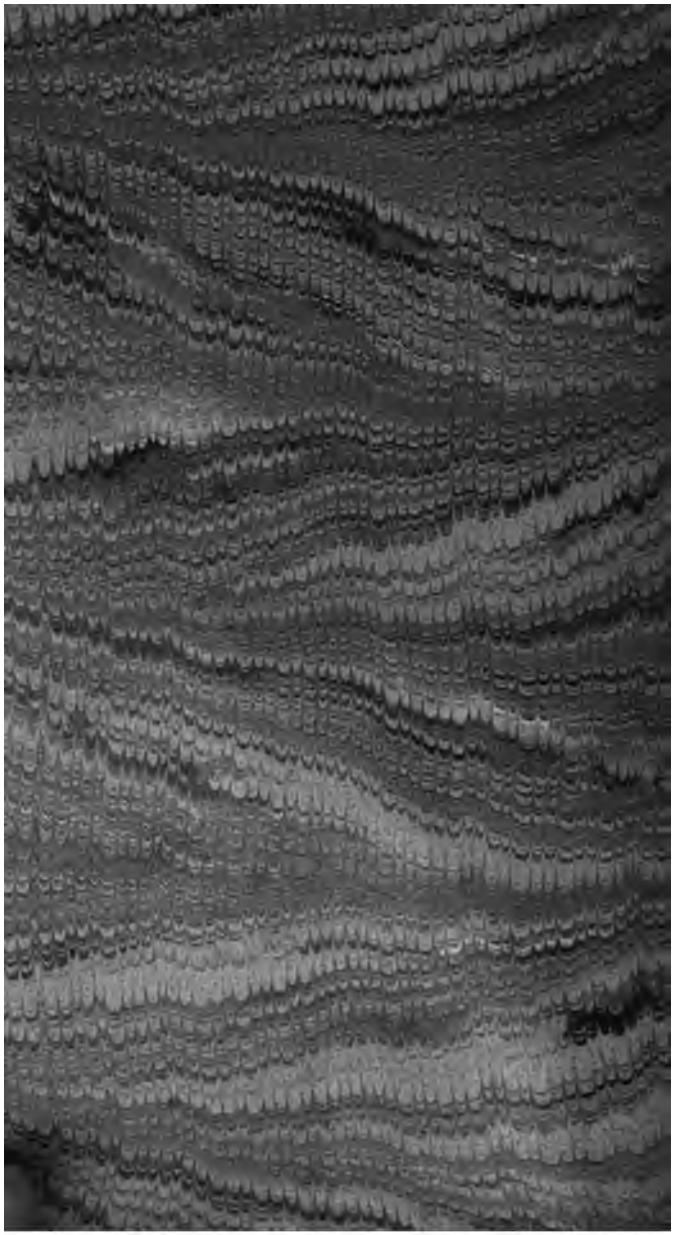
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